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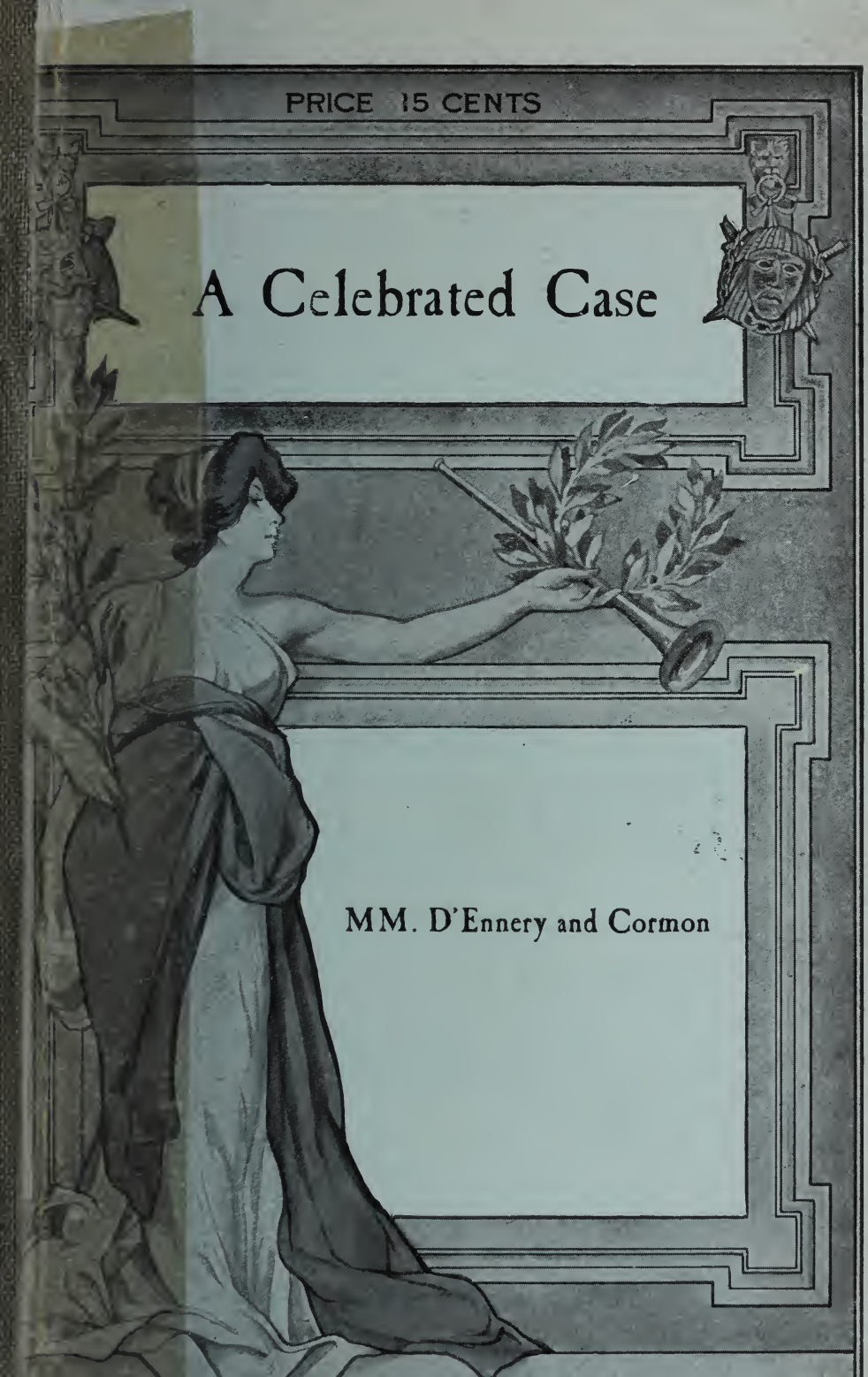
A Celebrated Case



MM. D'Ennery and Cormon

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A Celebrated Case

A DRAMA

IN A PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS

BY

MM. D'Ennery and Cormon

PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1911

8 45D 41
REMOTE STORAGE Oc.E

A CELEBRATED CASE

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE

JOHN RENAUD, a soldier in the French Army, *Leading Man.*
COUNT D'AUBETERRE, commanding king's own regiment, ... *First Old Man.*
LAZARE, a camp-follower, ... *Leading Heavy.*
DENIS O'ROURKE, an Irish sergeant in the king's service, ... *Low Comedy.*
THE CORPORAL, ... *Utility Man.*
THE SENESCHAL OF THE VILLAGE OF MONTAGNE, *Second Old Man.*
CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S OWN, . . . *Utility Man.*
MADELINE RENAUD, John's wife, . . *Leading Lady.*
ADRIENNE RENAUD (aged five), . . . *A Child.*
MARTHA, ... *Utility.*
JULIE, ... *Same.*
ANNETTE, ... *Same.*
SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, etc.

Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the incidents of the prologue and those of the first act.

R8FIR M.H.R.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

JOHN RENAUD, condemned to the galleys for life, *Leading Man.*
COUNT DE MORNAY, returned from exile, *Leading Heavy.*
DUKE D'AUBETERRE, Governor of Provence, *First Old Man.*
VISCOUNT RAOUL DE LANGEY, betrothed to Adrienne, ... *Juvenile Man.*
DENIS O'ROURKE, in the service of the Duke D'Aubeterre, ... *Low Comedy.*
THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD, ... *Utility.*
JOSEPH, a servant, ... *Utility.*
ADRIENNE, Duke D'Aubeterre's adopted daughter, *Juvenile Lady.*
(Or this part can be played by the actress who assumes Madeline in the Prologue.)
VALENTINE DE MORNAY, ... *Juvenile.*
DUCHESSE D'AUBETERRE, ... *First Old Woman*
CHANOINESSE OF THE COLLEGE OF D'HYÈRES, *Second Old Woman.*
JULIE, Adrienne's maid, ... *Utility.*
SOLDIERS, CONVICTS, etc.

Time of representation, two hours and a half. Time, Prologue, the eve of the battle of Fontenoy. The play, twelve years later.

Locality—All the acts occur in France.

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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Just prior to the battle of Fontenoy between the French and English, a soldier of the French army, John Renaud by name, discovers Lazare, a camp follower, plundering the Count De Mornay, a proscribed French nobleman, who, while fleeing from his native country, is caught between the two armies and seriously wounded. John Renaud drives off the robber, and then receives from the dying Count a sum of money for himself, besides some jewels and deeds of property, which he intrusts the soldier to give over to the Count's little daughter. John Renaud accepts the sacred trust, and being but a short distance from his own home, takes the deeds, the jewels, and the money there to leave in custody of his wife. He has an affectionate scene with his wife and his little daughter Adrienne, and then hurries away to join his regiment. He has been followed to the house by Lazare, who enters it, and at the point of his dagger is compelling John's wife, Madeline, to give him the keys of the closet where the treasures are kept, when little Adrienne, from her adjoining room, asks who is there. Lazare compels Madeline to say, "I am with your father." Then the murder of Madeline occurs, and Lazare escapes with his plunder. The villagers enter, and the child, when asked who had been there last, replies her father, thus throwing the accusation of murder on John Renaud. The latter has a military trial, and is sent to the galleys for life.

The above is shown in the prologue. Twelve years elapse between the prologue and the play. At the opening of the latter it is shown that Adrienne, the convicted soldier's little daughter, has been adopted by the Duchess D'Aubeterre, who is also the guardian of Valentine, the daughter of the late Count De Mornay. In this act Lazare, assuming the title of the Count De Mornay, and fortifying his claim by the deeds and papers he had stolen from the murdered woman, returns to France under the protection of a new dynasty, and lays claim to the estates of the Count De Mornay, and also assumes the parentage of the Count's daughter. John Renaud also appears in the guise of a convict, and in a highly dramatic scene his relationship to the adopted daughter of the Duke is discovered. The latter sets about proving her father's innocence and securing his liberty, O'Rourke, a comic but shrewd Irish servant, and

a former comrade of John Renaud, rendering valuable assistance.

Lazare, by embrazened effrontery, succeeds in securing the estates of the dead Count, but overreaches himself; and when called upon by John Renaud to establish his innocence by testifying that he (the alleged Count De Mornay) had given his valuable jewels and deeds to the soldier on the battle-field, thus establishing the cause John Renaud had given for his visit to his home on the eve of the battle, and insuring his innocence, the bogus Count denies that he ever gave the papers or the jewels to his rescuer, as they were now in his possession. "Then they must have been returned to you," says the convict, "by the murderer." "I tell you no!" replies Lazare. "Then I tell you," cries the convict, "that if no one ever restored them to you, you tore them from the hands of my dying wife!"

John Renaud's accusation is assisted by the presence of the Chanoinesse of the College D'Hyères, who knew the real Count, and recognizes Lazare as an impostor. The play ends by the arrest of Lazare and the restoration of John Renaud to his liberty. A very pretty love under-plot and considerable comedy work runs through the play.

COSTUMES

COUNT D'AUBETERRE. Age, forty, in Prologue. In Play, twelve years older. Prologue.—Full regimentals of the "King's Own." Jack-boots and spurs; white breeches; white military vest, gold facings; blue cloth coat, gold facings; deep cuffs, trimmed with gold military braid; lace bow and fall; lace cuffs; white gloves; powdered bag-wig, ribbon from bag to fall over bosom; three-cornered black hat, trimmed with gold lace; sword and white belt. In Play.—Rich, square-cut, dark velvet suit; low square-toed shoes, red heels, buckles, and court sword.

JOHN RENAUD. Age, twenty-five, in Prologue; twelve years older in Play. Prologue.—Soldier's uniform of the "King's Own." Blue coat, yellow facings on front, deep cuffs; white breeches, and white long gaiters buttoned upon sides full length; cross and waist belts; stock and bag-wig; three-cornered hat; musket. In Play.—Convict's dress of chocolate-colored merino, viz.: Loose knee-breeches; loose jacket, short, full sleeves, with gray-colored undershirt, open bosom; common low shoes; canvas-sandalled legs; loose common cap same as dress; ball and chain fastened to ankles; matted hair and unshaven beard.

LAZARE. Age, thirty, in Prologue; twelve years older in Play. Prologue.—Slouched gray hat; long-haired rough wig; striped colored shirt, with broad turned-down collar; loose brown coat; stockings pulled up above knee and turned down at top; loose breeches tucked inside of stockings; low shoes, buff. In Play.—Richly-trimmed dark velvet suit; powdered wig, sword, etc.

DENIS O'ROURKE. Age, twenty-five in Prologue; twelve years older in Play. Prologue.—Regimental dress of the "King's Own," sergeant's stripes on left arm. In Play.—Dark, square-cut livery. Long vest; low shoes and buckles; powdered bag-wig; white stockings; white bow and fall; puffed cuffs; long cane as staff of office.

RAOUL DE LANGEY. Age, twenty-two. Dark blue frock coat trimmed with light blue facings and buttons; blue military pantaloons, light blue stripes on sides; chapeau and tri-colored cockade.

CORPORAL. Regimental dress, two stripes on left arm.

SENESCHAL. Dark green cutaway suit; brown wig.

CAPTAIN. Regimentals of "King's Own."

MADELINE. Age, twenty. Prologue.—Short striped skirt; striped hose; slippers; black velvet low bodice with shoulder-straps, over white high-necked muslin waist; long full sleeves, tight at wrist; fancy apron; hair in two long plaits at back, with bows on end, and white Normandy cap with ribbon bow.

ADRIENNE. Age, eighteen, in Play.—Plain white silk dress.

VALENTINE DE MORNAY. Age, nineteen. Pink satin, neatly trimmed, with train.

DUCHESS D'AUBETERRE. Age, fifty. Rich pink dress. Head dress.

CHANOINESSE. Age, fifty. Plain dark dress.

CHILD.
MARTHA.
JULIE.
ANNETTE.
} Similar in style to Madeline.

VILLAGERS. Loose colored trunks; vests; plain trimmed merino jackets; colored hose; low shoes; longish hair, tied behind; three-cornered or broad-brimmed hats.

PROPERTY PLOT

PROLOGUE

PART 1.—Sewing or knitting for Madeline and women. Casket and necklace in upper dresser drawer for Madeline to find. Bottle and wine-glass for Madeline. Drum to sound off. Knapsack for O'Rourke. Army musket with bayonet for O'Rourke. Army musket with bayonet for John Renaud. Knapsack containing some jewels and papers for Renaud. Long knife for Lazare. Key for lock of bedroom door. Key of dresser drawer for Madeline.

PART 2.—Two stacks of arms. British flag for John Renaud. Regimental uniform for Colonel d'Aubeterre. Officer's army tent erected on stage. Wooden cans hooped with silver for the Vivandières. Swords for Colonel and other officers. Writing materials in tent for a private to produce and give to officer. The paper is in a large portfolio on a small camp table, and a camp stool should accompany it. Sabre and bayonet for John Renaud.

ACT I

SCENE 1.—Book for Duchess. Embroidery for Adrienne. Tray with coffee and dishes for Joseph. Legal papers for

Joseph. Sword for Sergeant. Six guns for the guard. Purse with coin for Adrienne. Drum ready off, L. H.

Act II

Scene 1.—Baskets, flowers, and large basket for servants. For furniture, etc., see scene plot.

Act III

Scene 1.—Strong box on table containing jewels, laces, etc. Gong bell on table.

Act IV

Scene 1.—Necklace for Valentine. Guns for guard.

SCENE PLOT

Prologue

Part 1.—Interior of kitchen in 3 G., backed by landscape in 4 G., which is seen through lattice window in flat, R. of C. L. of C. against flat is a dresser practical with shelves in its upper half and drawers in its lower half. Kitchen table and two chairs, C. Chimney place at R. 3 E. Lamp (lighted) on table. Small corner cupboard in angle up R. H. corner. Time, night. Lights in harmony with the scene.

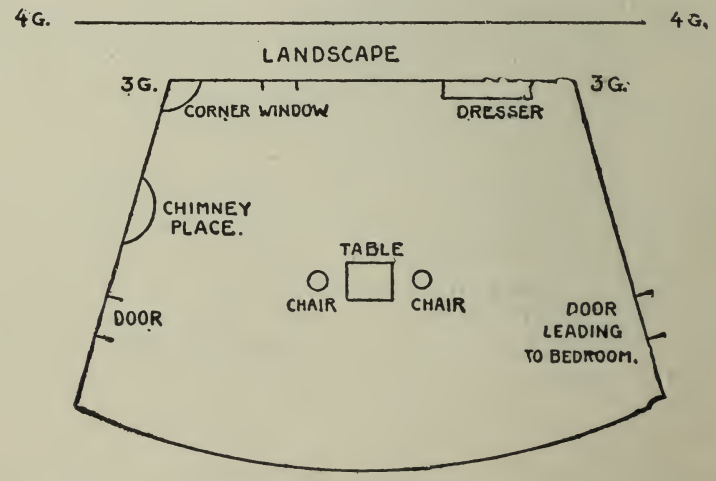

DIAGRAM OF PART I. PROLOGUE.

PART 2.—Camp scene in 4 G. For amateur representation the scene can be set by landscape view at back, and a section of tent seen protruding at R. 3 E. Where it is possible the effect can be heightened by having the scene of the camp with tents, etc., painted on the rear flat.

ACT I

SCENE (which stands the act).—Park of a French Chateau in 4 G. View of Chateau at L. 2 E., with flight of steps to represent marble. Rock R. and L. at back. A gravelled walk at back leading to R. 3 E. In one of the rocks at R. is a basin scooped out of the rock, supposed to contain a spring of fresh water. Green baize down. Time, morning. Lights up.

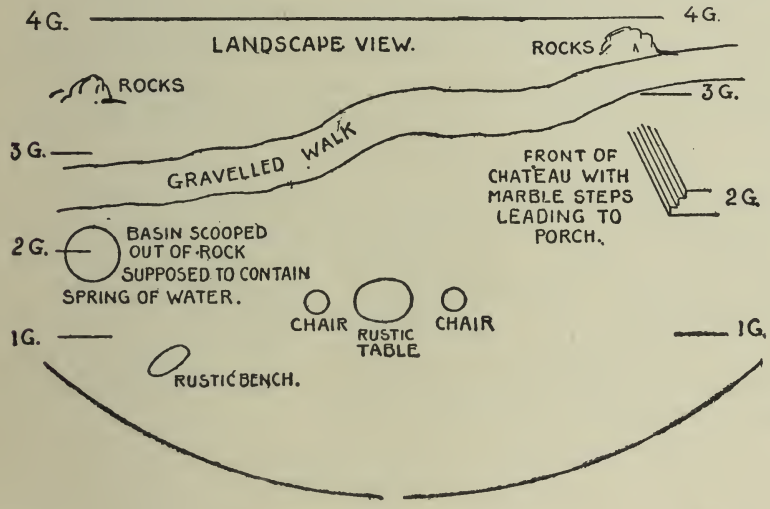

DIAGRAM OF SCENE 1, ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE (which stands the act).—Salon (boxed) in 3 G., backed by landscape view in 4 G. Practical doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Two French windows in flat R. and L. through which can be seen landscape at back. Cabinet against wall, R. H. Ottoman, C. Sofa, L. C. Easy chair, R. C. Chairs arranged about room. Table near easy chair R. of C. Lamp, writing materials, etc., on table. Brussels carpet down. Lamp not lighted in Act II, but is lighted in same set, Act III. Time, afternoon. Lights up.

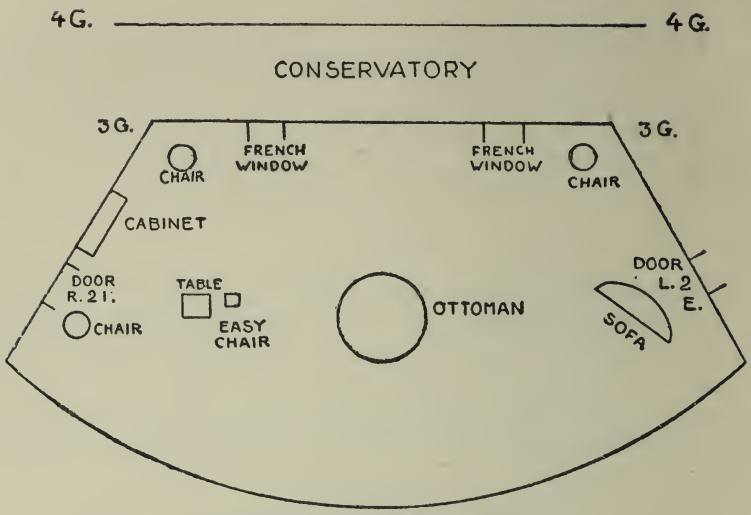

DIAGRAM OF SCENE 2, ACT II.

Act III

Scene (which stands the act).—Same as Scene 1, Act II. Time, night. Lights arranged in harmony with the scene.

Act IV

Scene (which stands the act).—Salon in 3 G., backed by conservatory in 4 G. Arched doorways leading to conservatory, R. and L. of C. in flat and also at R. and L., upper corners. Fireplace R. 2 E. Practical door R. 3 E. Practical door L. 2 E. *Tête-à-tête*, C. Easy chair near fireplace, R. 2 E. Table, R. of C. Sofa, L. of C. Cabinet against wall, L. H. Chairs arranged about room. Brussels carpet down. Time, morning. Lights up.

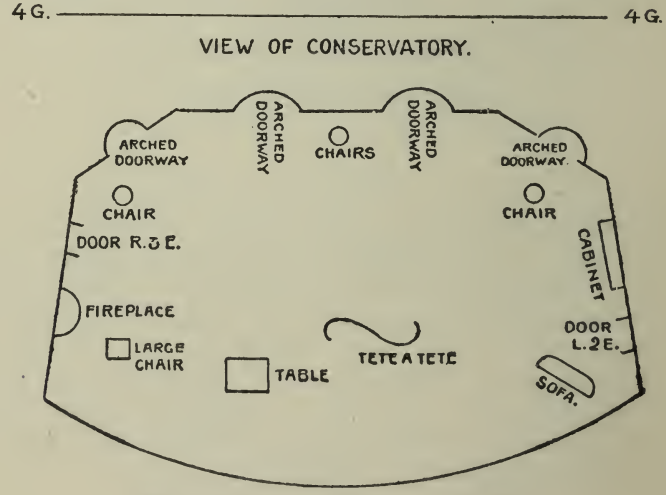

DIAGRAM OF SCENE 1, ACT IV.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

The player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or scene running across the back of the stage; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2, or 3 G., first, second, or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.

A CELEBRATED CASE

PROLOGUE

PART I

Cottage of JOHN RENAUD *in the village of Montagne. Door,* R. C. *On the* L. *is a smaller door which leads to the bedroom of* JOHN *and his wife. On the* C. *is a window. On* R. *below door, a vast chimney like that in "Pierre Michel." On* L. *above the door is a dresser with shelves in its upper half and drawers in its lower half. Table,* R. C. *Time: Night. Small corner cupboard in angle,* L. 2 E. *At rise of curtain,* MADELINE, MARTHA, ANNETTE, *and* LOUISE, *together with a female neighbor, are seated sewing round the table, on which a lamp is burning. The women are making lace—Brussels lace.* MADELINE *is seated to the left with frame near dresser, on which is another lamp.*

MARTHA. (*indicating* MADELINE *with a gesture of the head and speaking in half-voice*) Poor woman! It is not on the lace her mind is.

LOUISE. Of course it isn't; and her good man may be facing the bullets this night.

MARTHA. Oh! the cruel, cruel wars! When—

MADELINE. (*quickly raising her head as if to listen*) Hush! Hark!

ALL. (*startled*) What is it?

MADELINE. (*goes to window,* C., *pushes it partly open; all listen*) It's cavalry—I hear the ring of the hoofs.

MARTHA. Some other detachment—on to Fontenoy.

LOUISE. (*fervently*) Have mercy on us, O Heaven! for there the great fight is to be.

MADELINE. (*coming forward,* L. C.) Alas!—(*looking round her*)—But where is my child?

Sits L. H.

LOUISE. With the little ones next door. Poor little things! The war, thank Heaven! does not trouble them.

MADELINE. (*now at work*) Their young hearts could not bear the suspense, the agony. It is now five weeks

since we heard from the army, isn't it? I think the suspense will kill me.

MARTHA. (*rising, going to her*) Come, come, courage! You knew John was likely to be recalled to the army—an old soldier like him.

MADELINE. Not so very old either. But John was not the man to wait for a second call when the enemy menaced our homes.

MARTHA. He is a good, brave, noble man—in spite of his hot temper and his jealousy. And after all, his fits of anger only sprang from his love for his young wife.

MADELINE. Every house has its troubles. How quickly I forgot his jealous fits when I saw him march away, knapsack on back and musket on shoulder, and heard my little girl ask, "Won't papa come back soon?"

MARTHA. The Seneschal thinks the fighting will be over by harvest-time.

LOUISE. And John will be mustered out with the rest.

MADELINE. My foster-sister, the Countess D'Aubeterre, is the wife of his Colonel, and I know she will obtain his release for me after the campaign is over. You know it was she gave me to John, gave me my little dowry; and as we left the church, took off her own necklace and placed it on my neck with her own hands.

MARTHA. (*with awe*) The Queen of France has not a more splendid necklace than that. (*Crosses to* R. C.)

LOUISE. (*eagerly*) Oh! let me see it—I never saw it—oh! do!

ALL. (*coming forward to* C.) Oh! yes, yes. Let us see it.

MADELINE *rises, goes to dresser, opens top drawer, takes out a good-sized casket, opens it and takes a necklace out of it, which the women gape at in wonder and admiration.*

MARTHA. Isn't it splendid!

LOUISE. It must be worth a fortune.

MADELINE. (*proudly enjoying their admiration*) You see the medallion. Well, I press on this diamond in the middle, and it opens, and there you see are the arms and initials of the Countess—my foster-sister.

MARTHA. How much could you get for it, do you think?

MADELINE. I'll never know, for I'll never part with it while I live.

Puts it back into casket; puts casket in drawer. The others return to their seats.

ADRIENNE *rushes in*, R. 3 E.

ADRIENNE. Mamma! mamma! soldiers! soldiers! More soldiers with big wagons. They're stopping on the Square. Is papa with *them?*

MADELINE. (*to* MARTHA) I knew I heard troops.

ADRIENNE. O papa! papa!

LOUISE. Let's go and see.

MADELINE. Yes, yes. Come, come!

All the Women rise to go out, R. 3 E.

Enter SERGEANT O'ROURKE, *door* R. 3 E.

O'ROURKE. (*coming down* C.) Don't be afther disthurbing yirsilves, darlints.

MADELINE. (*delightedly*) O'Rourke, the Colonel's orderly. Our old neighbor!

O'ROURKE. Sargint O'Rourke now, av it's all the same to you, Mrs. Rainaud.

MADELINE. Have you seen John?

LOUISE. Have you seen James?

MARTHA. Have you seen Peter?

ANNETTE. Have you seen Paul?

FIRST WOMAN. Have you seen Luke?

O'ROURKE. I bring riports ov the bearers of those five apostolic names—good riports—foine news.

Takes his gun, places it up stage.

MADELINE. Heaven be praised!

LOUISE. And Cousin James?—he was in your regiment.

O'ROURKE. Little Jimmy is in the ambulance with a beautiful ball in his shoulder—it's not of the slightest consequence.

LOUISE. Poor James!

MARTHA. And Peter—handsome Peter?

O'ROURKE. Handsome Peter, is it? Sure he undertook to shtop the sabre of one of Brunswick's blackguards with his nose, and he isn't as handsome now as he was. But don't be afeared, acushla, it's not ov the slightest consequence.

ANNETTE. And Paul—how is Paul, my Paul? Bless his two eyes!

O'ROURKE. You can't bless his two eyes any more, me pet. A grape-shot's took the lift one. But he can see very well with the other. So don't cry, alannah, it's not ov the slightest consequence.

LOUISE. This is what you call fine news.

MADELINE. (*coming down* L. C.) But John—my John?

O'ROURKE. Fresh as a daisy with the June dew upon it, darlint. Upon me sowl, I believe the balls is afeard ov the man; because he isn't afeared ov them.

MADELINE. (*fervently*) Thank Heaven! But how come you—

O'ROURKE. Here in the middle ov the night, is it? Will, I'm convoying an ammunition train, and we had to pass this way because the dirty Inglish hold ivry other way.

MADELINE. I'm so glad.

O'ROURKE. Yis. We halted in the Square, so I came to bring you all the news, while the wimmin is givin' the boys a dhrop o' something.

LOUISE. Well, Mr. O'Rourke—

O'ROURKE. (*insinuatingly*) Sargint O'Rourke, av you plaze, ma'am.

LOUISE. Well, Sergeant O'Rourke, we'll go and do likewise.

O'ROURKE. Av ye plaze. It's like ould Ireland to see the wimmin waitin' on the boys afther a shindig. (*Opens* R. D. *for the women.*) And never yeez mind a fellow's losing an eye or a nose, the loss ov thim mimbers is ov not the slightest consequence—the man is just as good, though not so complayte.

MARTHA *takes child.*

The women all but MADELINE *having passed out, she goes to corner cupboard,* L. H.

MADELINE. You must rest awhile.

O'ROURKE. Indeed an' I will, for it's a good way yet to the lines.

MADELINE. (*going to a sideboard and taking out bottle and glass*) And you will take a glass of John's wine? (*Putting wine and glass on table and geting* R. *of table.*)

O'ROURKE. Ay, and dhrink it to his health. (*Drinks and sits down,* R. C.)

MADELINE. And now tell me about John.

O'ROURKE. You know I left the Irish Brigade because of a row with one of the O'Burkes, and joined John's regiment because he was an ould neighbor of mine. But it's the bad luck was in it, for they put me in a different company, and we were detailed to convoy this ammunition. I saw him when I started, and he was as bloomin' as a shamrock in spring. He towld me to see you and give his daughter a couple of kisses for him; and to be sure to tell you

he was sorry and ashamed of his past jealousy and hot temper; and if he comes back you'll have no more rows.

Enter ADRIENNE, R. D. *Runs over to* L. H.

Come here, little one. Come here and let me give you what pappy sent you.

Takes up child, kisses her on each cheek, and pats her head.

ADRIENNE. And didn't he send any kisses to mamma?

O'ROURKE. Shure it's myself wishes he had; but he'll bring them himself.

MADELINE. But how soon?

O'ROURKE. Every minute is a month to yer heart, darlint, I know. But it will be soon. To-morrow's fighten will fix it.

MADELINE. To-morrow?

O'ROURKE. Ye'll hear the music bright and early. The King'll be there, and if the Irish and the Frinch can't bate the English, the divil must be takin' splendid care of his own. (*Drum.*)

Enter CORPORAL, R. 3 E.

CORPORAL. Horses fed; all ready, Sergeant.

O'ROURKE. (*rising, taking up knapsack*) So am I, Corporal.

Exit CORPORAL, R. 3 E.

The victory of to-morrow will end the war (*taking the child up*), and bring papa back. Who will be glad?

ADRIENNE. I will—and mamma. (*Kisses* O'ROURKE.) That for papa, and that, and that.

O'ROURKE, *much moved, hands the child to its mother's arms, and goes up to get gun.* MADELINE *and child cross to* L. H.

ADRIENNE. Sergeant! (*He turns back.*) And that (*throwing her arms round his neck*) for you.

O'ROURKE. The blessed fairy! What's the matter wid me? I think it's my collar is tight— This will niver do. (*Takes gun. Goes to door*, R. 3 E.) Heaven bless ye both!

Exit, R. 3 E., *quickly.*

They follow to door and wave their hands after him.

ADRIENNE. (*looking out*) All the lights are out. Everybody has gone to bed. How dark and still it is! Oh! come in, mamma, come in and shut the doors. I am afraid at night.

MADELINE. (*coming in and closing door*) Afraid, with me?

ADRIENNE. I know; but it isn't as if papa was home.

MADELINE. You're not afraid then.

ADRIENNE. Only when I'm in the other room and I hear him quarrelling with you sometimes.

MADELINE. Never fear, dear. He won't quarrel with me any more.

Knock heard at D. R.

ADRIENNE. (*stops, startled*) There's a knock, mamma!

MADELINE. Probably Martha, who has forgotten her knitting. (*Goes toward* D. R.)

ADRIENNE. (*holding on to her dress*) O mamma! take care!

MADELINE. Now don't be frightened. (*Knock repeated a little harder.*) Who's there?

VOICE. (*outside,* R. D.) It's me, Madeline, open quick! quick!

MADELINE. John Renaud!

Opens R. D. *quickly.* JOHN *rushes in.*

MADELINE. You!

ADRIENNE. Papa!

JOHN. Hush!

Shuts the door.

MADELINE. (*throwing herself on his neck*) Is it possible?

JOHN. (*putting gun against fireplace*) Not so loud—not so loud.

JOHN *takes up* ADRIENNE *and covers her with kisses.*

ADRIENNE. Oh! if you knew how glad I am!

JOHN. It is easy to see. But don't say it so loud, darling!

ADRIENNE. Why, papa?

JOHN. (*putting child down*) Because nobody must know papa came here to kiss his little girl to-night.

Goes to D. R., *opens it a very little and peers out.* MADELINE *gets to* R. H.

MADELINE. But won't you tell me—

JOHN. (*pointing to child*) Yes—by and by. But first let me look at you (*draws them both toward him*). Let me feel I am awake—that it is indeed you I press to my heart, after a separation of two such months.

ADRIENNE. You won't go away again, will you, papa?

JOHN. Very soon I will be able to remain with you forever. But it is getting late. Your little eyes need sleep. (*Aside to* MADELINE) Get her away.

MADELINE. Yes. Now be a good girl. Say good-night to papa, and don't forget to say your prayers!

Putting child over to JOHN.

ADRIENNE. (*holding her forehead up to her father*) Good-night, papa!

JOHN. Good-night, darling!

ADRIENNE. I'm not a bit afraid now. Good-night, papa!

Goes into room, L. D., *led by her mother, who closes the door after her. Comes back and kneels by* JOHN.

MADELINE. Speak, John. Tell me. I know something very serious could alone bring you here at such a time—at this hour.

JOHN. You're right. Listen. (*Takes her hand.*) We have had some sharp trials together, wife, but it's all over. We are now rich.

MADELINE. Rich! How?

JOHN. We were this morning sent out to skirmish on the frontier. We had a sharp encounter with some Dutch riflemen; but we were in sufficient force and repulsed them. Night came on, and we were recalled. As I followed our column, not yet in complete marching order, I heard some cries for aid. Thinking they might be from some wounded comrade, I went in the direction of the sound, and soon saw one man with his knee on another's body. I rushed forward, and the scoundrel fled into the night; and I found only a poor traveler, who, trying to make his way across the frontier, had been caught in the net of the moving armies, and who had received a fearful grape-shot wound in the head. I raised him up, poured some water from my canteen down his throat, and he revived a little. He pointed on the ground beside him, where I beheld some jewels that had evidently fallen from his belt, torn in the struggle with the ruffian who had fled. "Take these," he said, "and all in my belt. They are family jewels and deeds to family property; I confide them to your honor. I am the Count de Mornay, the youngest of that persecuted and proscribed family. I was striving to cross the lines into Flanders, hoping thence to reach England, where may father awaits me." He then implored me to convey to his father the news of his death, and the papers and jewels he had con-

fided to me. I swore to him I would do so. He then painfully took from his pocket a purse. "This," he said, "I give you freely. It contains, in gold and bills, three hundred louis. Accept it in memory of the man you have striven to succor." At this moment I could hear the tramp of infantry. "It's the English," he said, "go save yourself or you'll be taken prisoner—go! and don't forget your oath and my trust." He fell back, I think, dead. The tramp came nearer and nearer. I fled toward our retreating column. Suddenly I thought of to-morrow's great battle; of the weight of this great trust; of you and the little one. Knowing the country, I knew I was but half an hour's run from here. I determined to come, leave these things with you, the money he gave me to you, in case aught should happen to me at Fontenoy to-morrow. In a skirmish retreat I would not be missed for a couple of hours, and could easily be present at roll-call. I did not hesitate a minute, and here I am. (*Rising.*) So, wife, put the jewels and these papers (*opening knapsack on table*) with the necklace given you by the Countess d'Aubeterre; and keep them safely. If—if—to—to-morrow I fall on the field, forward them to the father of the poor dead Count; and in his gift of three hundred louis you will have enough to keep yourself and our child from want.

MADELINE. But you will return, John; you will—you must!

JOHN. That must be as Heaven wills. Put these away, and keep them safe.

MADELINE. (*crossing to dresser and arranging them in casket*) What magnificent jewels, necklaces of pearls, bracelets! (*Looking at the purse.*) And these three hundred louis are ours?

JOHN. Honestly ours, wife.

MADELINE. Our daughter's dowry!

Locks the casket in the drawer of the dresser whence she took it at commencement of act, and puts the key of the drawer in her pocket—apron pocket.

JOHN. And now, darling I haven't a minute to lose. If I have been missed, they will suppose I lost my way. I have a good pair of legs; and on the battle morning John Renaud will not be absent from roll-call, never fear.

MADELINE. What a night—and for me what an anxious morrow, John!

JOHN. (*taking her in his arms*) Bear it like a soldier's

wife. And now one word, darling. My foolish anger and intemperate jealousies, my violent temper in the past—

MADELINE. (*kissing him*) Forgotten, John, my love—my husband!

JOHN. You forgive them all?

MADELINE. Forgive them? Why, John, I love you more than I love my life! (*Cries and kisses him.*)

JOHN. Don't unman me, dear. There! there! And now I must go.

MADELINE. Without kissing your child?

JOHN. She sleeps, no doubt. Let me but look at her.

Goes to L. D., *opens it, looks in,* MADELINE *following him. They look in, then at each other.*

MADELINE. The poor darling! She has not even undressed, but fell asleep saying her prayers.

JOHN. Don't forget me in your own.

MADELINE. Never, John—never!

JOHN *kisses his hand to the sleeping child, softly re-closes the door, takes up his musket,* MADELINE, *going to* R. D., *opening it and peering out, nods her head.*

JOHN. Now I must be gone.

MADELINE. Nothing—no one!

JOHN *embraces her and exits* R. D. *She follows him out whispering. They disappear a moment. Closing door after them.*

Pause. Empty stage.

LAZARE *is seen at window,* C. *Opens, enters, goes straight to dresser; tries drawer in which* MADELINE *placed casket.*

LAZARE. Locked! She did take the key! If I smash it he may hear the noise. So much the worse for her. (*On tiptoe goes to wall beside the door.*) She is coming.

Goes quickly behind door, R.

MADELINE *enters, halts, holding door open, looking out as if unable to give up the hope of catching another glimpse of* JOHN. *Sighs, turns. As she turns,* LAZARE *claps the door to and steps in front of it.*

MADELINE. (*starting back to* L. H.) Ah!

LAZARE. (R. *threateningly*) Silence!

MADELINE. (L.) Who are you? What do you want?

LAZARE. Never mind who I am. What do I want? I want the money and the jewels in that drawer.

MADELINE. There is nothing in it.

LAZARE. I know better. I was on the battle-field. I saw the treasure confided to your husband. I followed him, and through that window I saw you put it there.

MADELINE. (*shuddering*) Oh! you are one of those who murder and rob the wounded on the field of battle!

LAZARE. (*pointing to drawer*) Enough of your lip; open that drawer.

MADELINE. No.

LAZARE. Open it, I tell you!

MADELINE. I will not.

LAZARE. (*going toward her*) I'll d—d soon make you.

MADELINE. I'll scream for help.

LAZARE. (*drawing knife*) Try it!

MADELINE. (*screams*) Help!

Rushing to window.

ADRIENNE. (*in bedroom*) Mamma! mamma!

LAZARE, *who has got between the room door and* MADELINE, *turns the key in its lock.* MADELINE, *thinking he is going to hurt the child, springs toward him.* LAZARE, *turning, catches her by the wrist, stands over her.*

MADELINE. (*forcibly*) Mercy! mercy! Have mercy!

LAZARE. Another cry, and it's all over with you and your child, too.

MADELINE. Wretch!

ADRIENNE. (*inside room*) Mamma! mamma!

Tries door, strikes it with her little hands.

LAZARE. Shut the brat up, or—

Threatens her with knife.

ADRIENNE. (*kicking door*) Mamma! mamma!

MADELINE. (*trembling*) Hush, child, hush!

LAZARE. (*in low voice, holding knife at* MADELINE'S *throat*) Say, "I am with your father."

MADELINE. (*looking at him in terror*) I—I am—with—

LAZARE. (*in low voice*) Your father.

MADELINE. With—your father!

Pause.

LAZARE. Now, then, that key—quick!

MADELINE. (*struggling*) No, no!

Putting her hand in pocket and taking key.

LAZARE. (*throwing her on her knees. Seizes hand with key in it*) I will have it. Ah! here it is.

Springs to dresser.

MADELINE. (*holding him*) No—no! You sha'n't! you sha'n't!

She clings to him.

LAZARE. I've had enough of this!

Turns round on MADELINE, *strikes her in the breast with knife.*

MADELINE. (*with frightful scream*) Ah!

Falls.

ADRIENNE. (*inside*) Mamma! mamma!

LAZARE *quickly gets casket.*

MADELINE. (*trying to rise*) Assassin! (*Dying voice*) Thief! Assassin!

LAZARE *exits with casket by window as he entered, closing window after him.*

MADELINE. (*struggling*) Help! help!
ADRIENNE. (*beating at room door*) Mamma! mamma!

MADELINE *drags herself to room door*, L., *rises to her feet, turns the key, the door swings open—child and mother, upright, stare at each other.*

MADELINE. My—my child! It was—

Falls.

ADRIENNE. (*screams*) Mamma! mamma!
MADELINE. Help! Call! call! I—
ADRIENNE. (*running off at door*, R. 3 E.) Help! help! Come! come! Mamma—my poor mamma!

Pause.

VOICES OUTSIDE. What's the matter? etc.

Enter women of the early part of the act, MARTHA, LOUISE.

Some men enter first. They raise up MADELINE.

ALL. Madeline!
MARTHA. Wounded—dying!
MADELINE. Dying! I want to—to tell—tell my chi—ah!

Falls back dead.

ALL. Dead!

Enter, R. D., SENESCHAL.

SENESCHAL. (*entering*) What's the matter?

MARTHA. Look! look!

SENESCHAL. Murdered!

ALL. Yes, murdered!

SENESCHAL. But by whom—who has been here? My child, you must have seen.

ADRIENNE, Oh! yes, yes. I heard.

SENESCHAL. Who was it? Speak.

ADRIENNE. (*crying*) It was papa.

ALL. Her father!

CURTAIN

PROLOGUE

PART II

Camp of the Color Company of the Regiment du Roi after the battle of Fontenoy.

At rise of curtain, the company is drawn up, L., *in front of its stacked arms. The Captain of the company is up stage.* JOHN RENAUD *is in the second rank, and holds in his hand a British flag evidently captured by him at the late battle.* COL. D'AUBETERRE, *followed by several officers, enters,* R. H., *holding regimental report in his hand. As the curtain is rising cries are heard of "Long live France!" "Long live the Colonel!" Colonel makes sign of thanks to the men, and at the same time seems to ask for silence.*

COL. (*report in hand*) It is with pride I read that the Color Company of the Regiment du Roi has again deserved the thanks of this regiment—and not only those of the regiment, but of the King himself. His Majesty will to-morrow review the army, and receive the standards taken from the enemy. And it is with no small pride I read that the Color Company of his own regiment has one to present to him. Be assured that the name of its captor shall be made known to His Majesty.

"Long live the King!" "Long live the Colonel!"

Captain makes sign, JOHN RENAUD *steps forward bearing flag; goes to Colonel; salutes; hands flag. Colonel takes flag; hands it to an officer behind him.*

And in his name I thank this company for the glory it has shed over the regiment I have the honor to command.

"Long live the King!" "Long live our Colonel!"

COL. (*to Captain*) And now, Captain, I will not keep these brave men any longer from drinking the King's health.

Exit to tent with 3 officers.

CAPTAIN. Company, right face! The company is dismissed.

Exit to tent, R.

Soldiers cheer.

ONE SOLDIER. Vive Jean Renaud!

ALL. Vive Jean Renaud!

O'ROURKE. (*coming forward*) Now, then! the Vivandières! the Vivandières! a health to our Colonel—the hero of Fontenoy!

ALL. Yes, yes; a health to the Colonel—the hero of Fontenoy!

Vivandières move around giving liquor in wooden cans hooped with silver to the soldiers.

O'ROURKE. The King knew on which side his bread was buttered when he made the Count d'Aubeterre our Colonel. Hard as flint on duty, and with a heart like a colleen's off it.

CORPORAL. He's the kind of a colonel I like—one who when the drum is heard never says "Go!" but cries out "Come!"

O'ROURKE. And it's himself who on that blessed field has earned the gratitude of the two greatest nations of the earth—France and—

CORPORAL. And?

O'ROURKE. Ireland.

All laugh.

CORPORAL. Ireland isn't a nation.

O'ROURKE. Tare an' ages! This from a Frinchman on the day of Fontenoy! If ye wasn't my infayrior officer—

CORPORAL. No offense meant, Sergeant.

O'ROURKE. Say no more! say no more! Ireland owes the Colonel of this rigiment too great a debt this day for me to quarrel with any mimber of it.

CORPORAL. What did the Colonel do?

O'ROURKE. He saved my life.

CORPORAL. How?

O'ROURKE. You know when the cintre was attacked and we all thought it was up with us. Well, I was blind as a bat with the smoke and the soft dirt the grape and canister was pouring around. I found myself separated from my men and surrounded by a lot of the red-coated divils. I worked away with bayonet and butt; I thought it was all up with Dinis O'Rourke, when I heard the cry, "A D'Aubeterre! D'Aubeterre!" There was the Colonel on his big bay horse, cutting a man down on the left, another on the right, trampling down the one in front of him. "Jump up behind, Sergeant," he roared. I always obey orders, and I

got up behind. He made a ring around him while the horse pranced round to the music of the balls. Suddenly a yell rose over the din. "Dim's the Irish!" I whispered. "The brigade," he replied; and before I knew it the English was on the run, and I was with our rigiment driving the scoundrels as they were never driven before. And I say the noblest action done on that field was the salvation of Dinis O'Rourke, and the securin' of his bed and boord for life. (*Laugh.*)

CORPORAL. Bed and board?

O'ROURKE. Why, av course! He saved my life, and it is his duty to take care of me. He's morally obligated to do it. He's as a father to me now. (*Winking cunningly.*)

THE SOLDIERS. (*laughing*) Ah! ah! (*All go up and off.*)

CORPORAL. And the Countess d'Aubeterre is his mother.

THE SOLDIERS. (*laughing*) Ah! Ah!

O'ROURKE *takes can from a Vivandière.*

THE COLONEL *enters from tent with several Officers of the Regiment. As they come down the stage the Soldiers respectfully go up stage.*

COLONEL. (*to* OFFICERS) The guards are posted. See that the men get good rest. And when night comes, if you will do me the honor to share my tent, we'll not fail to celebrate this glorious day.

OFFICERS *salute, go up stage. Sentinels are placed at back.*

Enter JOHN RENAUD, L. 3 E.

JOHN. (*aside*) Though there is to be no battle to-morrow, I'll sleep better to-night than last.

COLONEL. John Renaud! (JOHN *salutes.*) To-morow you will write to your wife. Assure her that the Countess d'Aubeterre has never forgotten her, and will always be happy to hear of her well-doing; and accept my congratulations on the heroism of your conduct on the field.

JOHN. Both my wife and I, Colonel, are deeply grateful for the many benefits we have received from you and the Countess, believe me, sir.

COLONEL. I do believe it, John. (*Nods.*)

JOHN *goes up stage and exits* L.

COLONEL, *turning, sees* O'ROURKE *standing at entrance of tent,* R.

O'ROURKE. Waiting orders, Colonel—the orders of my saviour.

COLONEL. Your saviour?

O'ROURKE. Ay, sure—my second father from whom I can nivir part.

COLONEL. Till the war is over, eh?

O'ROURKE. Sure it's thin I can't part from ye at all. You saved my life; and that's the same thing as givin' me my life. You are all the family I have. You are my father —the only father and mother I have. I'll nivir layve you.

SENTRY AT BACK. (*Corporal*) Halt, there!

COLONEL. What's that? (*Looking off* R. U. E.)

O'ROURKE. (*goes up stage*) Ah! the Seneschal. (*Outside*) Who do you want, sir?

SENESCHAL. I must see the Colonel, Count d'Aubeterre, at once, at once!

COUNT. (*turns to* SENTRY) Let him pass. (*Enter* SENESCHAL, R. 3 E., *down* R. C.) Do you wish to see me?

O'ROURKE *exits* L. U. E.

SENESCHAL. (*coming down*) Excuse me, Count. I am the Seneschal of Montagne. We had some trouble to get as far as this.

COLONEL. Then your are not alone?

SENESCHAL. There are a woman and a child with me. They are waiting out there.

COLONEL. Well, what is the matter?

SENESCHAL. The matter, sir, is one most serious, and it is one I could confide to you alone.

COLONEL *makes a sign; everybody moves away.*

COLONEL. Go on, sir! (*Coming a step forward.*)

SENESCHAL. You have in your regiment a private named John Renaud?

COLONEL. Yes.

SENESCHAL. His wife, I believe, was foster-sister to your Countess, sir.

COLONEL. Yes. She was a good and noble girl, and must have made an excellent wife.

SENESCHAL. She died last night—murdered!

COLONEL. Murdered!

SENESCHAL. The poor woman's cries and the screams of her unfortunate child drew the neighbors to the spot. But too late—the miserable assassin had already escaped.

COLONEL. What was the object of the crime? Theft?

SENESCHAL. Oh! no.

COLONEL. Revenge?

SENESCHAL. That, and that alone.

COLONEL. Then somebody is suspected.

SENESCHAL. The whole village unites in accusing one man.

COLONEL. What man?

SENESCHAL. John Renaud.

COLONEL. Her husband! Pshaw! It's impossible. The accusation falls to the ground of itself. John Renaud was at the camp.

SENESCHAL. He visited his home last night.

COLONEL. Take care, sir. You are advancing a very serious charge; for even if he be innocent of the crime of murder, in abandoning his post in front of the enemy Jean Renaud would stand in imminent danger.

SENESCHAL. I charge nothing, I am sorry to say, that I cannot prove.

COLONEL. (*up stage to* O'ROURKE) O'Rourke, let John Renaud be called. (*To some officers in tent*, R. H.) Approach, gentlemen. I wish you to hear this matter. You, Captain, I will need to draw up some charges and specifications.

One of the Officers makes a sign to a Private, who goes into the tent and comes out with writing materials. Note.—The paper ought to be in a large portfolio on small camp-table and camp-stool. Captain sits, R. H., *near tent and writes.*

Enter from back of stage, L. U. C., O'ROURKE *and* JOHN RENAUD. *The Seneschal is with the Colonel a little aside, talking in a low voice. Soldiers enter one by one and group,* L. H.

O'ROURKE. (*to* RENAUD) It's the Colonel that wants you.

JOHN. (*uneasily*) What for? Do you know?

O'ROURKE. Indayd an' I don't.

JOHN *advances; salutes.*

COLONEL. (*approaching* JOHN) Renaud, how long is it since you left your village to re-enter the service?

JOHN. About two months, Colonel.

COLONEL. Have you, in that time—(*To* CAPTAIN) Take down his answers in narrative form. (*To* RENAUD) Have you in that time been absent without leave?

JOHN. No, Colonel.

COLONEL. After the skirmish last night did you accompany the retreat?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

COLONEL. (*to an* OFFICER) He was in your command?

OFFICER. Yes. We were a good ways behind the column.

COLONEL. I know it.

OFFICER. It was very dark. We had to feel our way through the wood.

COLONEL. And so lost much time. But, once in camp, did you call the roll?

OFFICER. Yes, sir.

COLONEL. Did John Renaud answer in person?

OFFICER. He did.

JOHN. (*aside*) How my heart beats!

O'ROURKE. (*aside*) What the divil is up now?

COLONEL. John Renaud, the Seneschal of your village has just brought some fearful news, news which I am sorry to be forced to tell you. A terrible crime has been committed in your house.

JOHN. (*terrified*) A crime—in my house! Speak—for Heaven's sake, Colonel, tell me!

COLONEL. Your wife—

JOHN. Well—well—Madeline!

COLONEL. Madeline—has—has been—

JOHN. What?

COLONEL. Assassinated!

JOHN. Assassinated—Madeline—assassinated! No! no! I can't have heard rightly—it isn't possible! Madeline, Madeline—

O'ROURKE. (*going to him*) My old friend—my old comrade—bear up!

JOHN. Do you understand it?—dead! She! My wife! Why, you saw her yesterday full of life, of love, of hope! (*Breaks into tears.*) Dead! dead! My wife!

COLONEL. (*to* O'ROURKE) Did you see his wife, yesterday, Sergeant?

O'ROURKE. Last night, Colonel, as I was passing through the village, escorting the ammunition train.

SENESCHAL. True. It was but a few minutes after that her cries roused the neighbors in whose arms she died.

JOHN. (*still crying*) Murdered! murdered!

COLONEL (*to* JOHN) And do you know (*glances at writing Officer, then looks at* JOHN) whom they accuse of this murder? (RENAUD *looks at* COLONEL.) It is you.

JOHN. Me! Me!

O'ROURKE. Him—O Colonel!

COLONEL. Yes, you. They say (*looking at* SENESCHAL) that during one of those jealous quarrels so often heard in your house, you—

JOHN. Is not the woe with which I am stricken enough? Is it not enough to have lost her, and with her all joy, all

hope in life—is not this enough without accusing—? My God, and what an accusation! But you—you, Colonel—you could not for an instant believe that! you've known me too well! you know me to be an honest man! you've seen me twenty times risk my life under your very eyes—you never knew me to fail in my duty—you know me.

O'ROURKE. Every man in the regiment can bear witness to that.

COLONEL. Seneschal!

SENESCHAL *steps to* COLONEL; *they converse in low tones.*

SENESCHAL. (*in low voice*) The child is there.

COLONEL. (*in low tone*) Very well. (*Aloud*) You say, Renaud, you never failed in your duty as a soldier?

JOHN. (*hesitating*) Why—no, Colonel.

COLONEL. (*to the* SENESCHAL) Bring in the child.

SENESCHAL *bows, goes to* R. U. E., *and makes sign off.*

JOHN. (*suddenly raising himself erect*) Child! What child?

COLONEL. Yours.

JOHN. My child here—she here?

Is about to spring to meet her; is stopped by the COLONEL.

COLONEL. Stop! Stop, I say, and do not utter one word! Wait till I question you—till then stand aside.

JOHN. (*stepping up stage*) Could not one ball out of the thousands reach me?

O'ROURKE. (*going with him*) The colleen will clear you—sure she will tell 'em how you loved her mother.

Enter ADRIENNE, *led in by* MARTHA, R. U. E., *the* SENESCHAL *having signed to them to come forward.*

MARTHA. Come, dearie, come! don't be afraid.

ADRIENNE. (*trembling, holding to* MARTHA'S *dress, and keeping very close to her*) I'm not afraid.

SENESCHAL. (*kindly*) Come closer, dear, come closer.

ADRIENNE. Am I going to see papa?

COLONEL. Yes, in a little while. But tell me when did you see him last?

ADRIENNE *seems unwilling to answer.*

JOHN. (*a little up stage, unseen by Child*) What will she say?

COLONEL. No doubt your mother told you to always tell the truth?

ADRIENNE. Yes, sir; and so did papa.

COLONEL. Well, tell me when did you last see your father?

Child looks down and remains silent.

COLONEL. Come, come, my child, tell me.

ADRIENNE. (*trembling*) You see—I—I can't tell.

COLONEL. Why?

ADRIENNE. Because mamma always told me to tell the truth and—

COLONEL. (*coaxingly*) Well?

ADRIENNE. And papa told me I must not tell he was at home last night.

ALL. Ah!

COLONEL. You are very sure you saw him?

ADRIENNE. Yes, sir.

COLONEL. At your own house?

ADRIENNE. Yes, sir. He kissed me, and then he put me in the bed-room for me to go to sleep, because it was late.

COLONEL. And then—

ADRIENNE. Then mamma shut the door; but I heard them talking.

COLONEL. (*making sign toward* JOHN) Come forward. What have you to say?

ADRIENNE. (*seeing* JOHN) O papa, papa!

Is about to rush to him, but is stopped by SENESCHAL *and* COLONEL.

COLONEL. (*to* JOHN) Well? You are silent.

JOHN. The child tells the truth.

COLONEL. It took her overwhelming testimony to wring it from you.

JOHN. I did go home, but did I not return before the battle—and do a soldier's duty?

COLONEL. More—a hero's duty; and your heroism might atone for your guilty absence. It is not of desertion you are now accused, but of murder.

JOHN. Murder!

COLONEL. What motive could induce so good and brave a soldier to commit such a breach of discipline at such a time?

JOHN. A motive, Colonel, you can readily understand; I wished, before the battle, to place in my wife's hands a sacred deposit made me by the Count de Mornay, whom I found dying on the field after the skirmish.

COLONEL. What was this deposit?

JOHN. Valuable jewels, family papers, and three hundred louis in gold and bills.

COLONEL. (*to* SENESCHAL) Was the house searched?

SENESCHAL. Every drawer, nook, and crevice of it. Nothing of that sort was found.

JOHN (*quickly*) Then the house was robbed!

SENESCHAL. Not a latch, not a lock was broken; there was no trace of a burglary anywhere.

Soldiers show signs of eager interest.

COLONEL. Yet you say the poor woman defended herself.

SENESCHAL. She cried for help; so did the little one.

COLONEL. (*to child*) Tell me, my dear; you say when you were shut up in the bed-room you could hear mamma and papa talking?

ADRIENNE. Yes, sir; after a little I thought papa was angry—they talked so loud.

JOHN. There the child is mistaken; we exchanged no words but words of affection and tenderness. If another—if some thief—the assassin—came after I left, the child, shut up as she was, could not distinguish the voice from mine.

COLONEL. And what did mamma say?

ADRIENNE. Mamma cried out: "Mercy, mercy! have mercy!"

JOHN. Ah! it was to the assassin she cried that.

COLONEL. But are you very sure it was to your father she said that?

ADRIENNE. Yes, sir; I was frightened—I wanted to get out—I called.

JOHN (*with authority*) Enough! No more—no more. Say not another word.

COLONEL. What does this mean?

JOHN (*to* COLONEL) Colonel, this is horrible. What? Force a child to testify against its own father—to accuse, convict him? It is a sacrifice—an outrage against nature! In Heaven's name, ask her no more! Let me be tried—I'll offer no defense. I've faced death often enough, and what do I care for life, now Madeline is dead! I'll plead guilty—do anything you like—all I ask is that you will not condemn this child to live with her heart ever crying to her: "You condemned your own father—you killed him!" I tell you I won't have it.

COLONEL. It is my duty to examine her.

JOHN. To what end, if I offer no defense?

COLONEL. We must know the truth. Tell me, my child, when you cried out on hearing your mother call for mercy, who answered you?

ADRIENNE. Mamma.

COLONEL. What did she say?

ADRIENNE. She said: "Hush, child, hush! I am with your father."

JOHN (*half screaming*) Ah!

All shudder at this.

COLONEL. You hear? "I am with your father."

JOHN. God help me! It is terrible!

COLONEL. (*to Child*) You are very sure she said that?

ADRIENNE. Oh! yes. She sobbed when she said it.

JOHN. Well, it is all over!

COLONEL. John Renaud, to-morrow you will be called for trial before a court-martial.

JOHN. To be convicted.

On a sign from the COLONEL, JOHN *takes off his sabre and bayonet, and hands them to* O'ROURKE, *who wipes his eyes and takes them.*

O'ROURKE. (*aside to* JOHN) John, I believe you innocent, and I always will.

JOHN *shakes* O'ROURKE'S *hand.*

COLONEL. (*to one of the Officers*) Call a guard there and remove the prisoner.

Officer signs to the CORPORAL, *who goes off and immediately returns with two Soldiers, who stand at back,* R. *and* L. C.

JOHN. (*supplicatingly*) May I kiss my child before I go?

The COLONEL *makes signs of consent.* JOHN *holds out his arms, the Child springs to him. He folds her in his arms, unable to speak; kisses her. All around observing them with painful interest. The* COLONEL *signs to* CAPTAIN, *who brings him the paper he had written on. The* COLONEL *signs it.*

ADRIENNE. You are crying, papa. Have I done wrong—you know you too told me a soldier's daughter should never tell a lie.

JOHN. (*chokingly*) No, no, my darling, my angel! it is not your fault. Do not now, and never in the future, allow your heart to accuse you. Blot it all from your memory, but if it will come back when you can understand it all, then remember, darling, that I hold you innocent, and let my last words

remain graven on your memory—*You have killed me, my poor child, but I love and I forgive you.*

JOHN *embraces the Child. Pause.* CORPORAL *comes down, touches him on the shoulder.* JOHN *gives Child to* O'ROURKE, *who takes her in his arms.* JOHN *goes up between Soldiers, makes a final motion of farewell toward Child as*

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT I

Park of the Chateau d'Aubeterre, on the side of a hill, near Toulon, France. At the R., *well back, a walk shaded well by trees and leading to one egress from the Park. At the* L., *resting on natural rocks, a terrace overlooking the public highway supposed to pass in front of said Park. Drop represents beautiful Provençal landscape, the horizon of which meets the sea. In one of the rocks,* R., *is a spring of fresh water, for the reception of which water a basin has been rudely scooped out of the roek itself. Climbing shrubbery well down the stage;* L., *up stage, flight of marble steps leading to Chateau.*

At rise of curtain, ADRIENNE *and the* DUCHESS D'AUBETERRE *are sitting well down* L. H. *The* DUCHESS *is reading from a book.* ADRIENNE *is embroidering. The* DUCHESS *commences the conversation, laying down her book as she does commence.*

DUCHESS. Don't you think your father stays very long, Adrienne?

ADRIENNE. It is quite a distance to Toulon. It takes an hour to go, an hour to return. He had to see about the new works to which the convicts are to be sent. Papa can't expect to have been created Duke d'Aubeterre, been made a General, and Governor of Provence in order to do nothing, you know.

DUCHESS. True, child; but I am always miserable when either of you is away from me. I was so the whole four years you were at the College of Hyères, though I knew you were under a better guardianship than my own when with the Chanoinesse. You see I have no child but you, and my heart—(*Duke speaks outside*)—Ah! here is your father.

DUKE. (*outside*) Pshaw! a soldier. Come along, man; the Chateau d'Aubeterre is not the Palais de Versailles.

ADRIENNE, *rising, rushes to meet her father, who enters* R. *by gate of Park, and who takes* ADRIENNE *in his arms and kisses her.*

ADRIENNE. Who is with you?

DUKE. A lieutenant.

ADRIENNE. What lieutenant?

As they come down to the DUCHESS.

DUKE. Lieutenant Raoul de Langey. (*To* DUCHESS) Arrived yesterday.

ADRIENNE. And he is now a lieutenant?

DUKE. Yes. In two or three days I shall present him to the Duke de Choiseuil, who will honor us with a visit.

DUCHESS. I shall be glad to see the boy, and proud to welcome the Minister of France. But where is Raoul?

DUKE. (*laughing*) Oh! he's stopped at every step by some delighted member of the household. Even O'Rourke, out of whom I have never been able to obtain the slightest service, is now dusting him from head to foot.

RAOUL. (*outside, then entering, persistently followed by* O'ROURKE *dusting his back as he goes*) Thanks, friends, thanks! Thanks, O'Rourke.

O'ROURKE. Sure an' it's wilkum ye are, Lieutenant.

RAOUL *goes quickly over to* DUCHESS *and kisses her hand.*

DUCHESS. Welcome, Chevalier.

RAOUL. (*crosses to* ADRIENNE) Mademoiselle!

ADRIENNE. (*with emphasis*) Lieutenant.

Ceremonious minuet, courtesy.

DUKE. (*laughing*) Phew! How ceremonious you are!

O'ROURKE. (*aside*) It's kissing aych other they'd like to be instead of bobbin' up and down in that way.

DUKE. O'Rourke!

O'ROURKE *keeps his eye upon the young people, not heeding the call of the* DUKE.

O'ROURKE. (*aside*) It's a pritty couple they'd make.

DUKE. (*impatiently*) O'Rourke!

O'ROURKE. (*same business*) That couple is made for aych other as sure as the soord is made for the scabbard.

DUKE. (*angrily*) O'Rourke!

O'ROURKE. Has yer Grace anything to communicate?

DUKE. I called you three times! Are you becoming deaf?

O'ROURKE. How can I oblige yere Grace?

DUKE. Get seats.

O'ROURKE. Sayts, iz it? Av coorse—av coorse—General. (*Goes up stage.*) Joseph!

Enter JOSEPH.

Joseph, his Grace wants to sit down.

JOSEPH *brings some chairs forward. All sit down and talk in low voice.*

DUKE. (*to* O'ROURKE) Why did you not bring the seats yourself?

O'ROURKE. I beg your Grace's pardon; but what would Joseph have been doing in the mayne thime?

DUKE. And in the mean time what did you do?

O'ROURKE. Me, your Grace? Oh! nawthin, av coorse.

DUKE. Nothing, of course, as usual.

O'ROURKE. (*with kind patronizing manner*) As usual, av coorse.

DUKE. (*dryly*) Very well. I'll talk to you by and by.

O'ROURKE. Yis, your Grace—by and by. I haven't had my poipe yit. (*Starts to go.*)

DUKE. O'Rourke!

O'ROURKE. (*stopping*) Yis, sir.

DUKE. I've not had my coffee.

O'ROURKE. Begora, I forgot. I haven't had mine ayther! An' I'd betther go and get it. (*Exit up stage.*)

DUKE. (*to* ADRIENNE) You see how impossible it is to do anything with the fellow. There must be an end to it.

ADRIENNE. Don't be angry, father. I'll order your coffee myself. (*Exits over terrace*, L. 3 E.)

DUKE. (*looking after her*) You must find that Adrienne has much changed during your two years of absence. She's a young woman now—fit to be married.

RAOUL. (*troubled*) Yes—yes—and probably she will be soon?

DUKE. As soon as we can find a gentleman worthy of her. I must have a lofty name.

RAOUL. And—doubtless a large fortune.

DUCHESS. That is indispensable in our time.

DUKE. In all times, my dear. She must be able to fitly hold her rank at Court.

RAOUL. (*sighing*) True, sir.

ADRIENNE. (*entering, followed by* JOSEPH *with tray*) What are you talking about?

DUKE. Of the coming time when you will leave us.

ADRIENNE. Leave you? What for?

DUKE. To get married.

ADRIENNE. (*handing* DUKE *a cup of coffee*) Oh! that day I hope is yet far away! *I* am not one of those birds who like to fly away as soon as they feel their wings, Mr. Lieutenant.

RAOUL. One cannot always help it. A soldier must follow his flag.

DUKE. (*putting back cup*) Joseph! take this away. Tell O'Rourke to bring me those papers I brought from Toulon, and bid them saddle a horse for M. Raoul de Langey.

ADRIENNE. Going again, so soon?

DUKE. Yes. He must go and meet a convoy of galley slaves that are being transferred to Toulon on the new works. I had him assigned the duty that he might visit us.

Re-enter JOSEPH, *with papers*, L. *down steps.*

Well! Why didn't O'Rourke bring them?

JOSEPH. This is Mr. O'Rourke's time for his evening walk, sir.

DUKE. Indeed! Tell him to come to me.

Reads papers and signs same.

RAOUL. (*as if about to start*) I must also visit my god-mother, the Directress of the College of Hyères.

DUCHESS. A noble lady. I'll never forget her kindness to Adrienne during the four years she spent there. But you need not go to Hyères to see her. She will be here in an instant.

ADRIENNE. Yes, with my dearest friend, my college companion—my sister, my dear Valentine.

DUKE. (*rising*) Time is up, Raoul. You will exchange these papers with the officer you are to relieve. Now be off.

Enter CHANOINESSE *and* VALENTINE, R. 3 E.

CHANOINESSE. (*entering*) Must he go, just as I come?

RAOUL. God-mother!

CHANOINESSE. Don't be surprised. (*Bows all round.* VALENTINE *rushes to* ADRIENNE. *They whisper eagerly*) I knew that fine officer had returned, (*with finesse*) and felt sure I'd find him here. (*Touching* RAOUL *on breast*) The iron heart turns to the magnet, eh?

DUKE. You must not detain him. Raoul, run. Jump in your saddle. You can be back in half an hour.

CHANOINESSE. Don't spare the spur, for I have to tell you of some matters of the utmost importance.

RAOUL. Trust my impatience.

Kisses CHANOINESSE'S *hand; bows to the rest, and rushes off.*

CHANOINESSE. (*looking after him*) He is a fine, gallant fellow. (*Sighs.*) The very image of his father! Isn't he, Governor?

DUKE. (*smiling*) Yes, the same frank, noble bearing.

CHANOINESSE. The same bright yet soft eyes. (*As if*

chasing away some memory) But let us talk of something else. Valentine! (*To* DUKE *and* DUCHESS) My favorite pupil, almost my daughter, the friend of yours during her stay at college. She is the daughter of a proscribed family, left in my care with such extreme caution that Valentine is the only name I call her by. But I see they wish to talk. Here that's not forbidden. At college it is, and therefore they talk all the more.—(*Laughing.*) Forbidden fruit.

CHANOINESSE *and* DUCHESS *exit to Chateau*, L. 3 E., *as* O'ROURKE *enters* C., *over terrace.*

DUKE. (*to* O'ROURKE) Oh! there you are, are you?

ADRIENNE. Father!

DUKE. Well?

ADRIENNE. For my sake do not be angry with O'Rourke. Remember how, when I had recovered from my long illness and could not remember either my mother or you, I recognized his face; and it seems to me as if I had known and loved him for his love for me in another world. Father, bear with him for my sake.

DUKE. (*much moved*) I will, dear, I will. (*Louder*) O'Rourke!

O'ROURKE. Can I serve your Grace in any way?

DUKE. Come with me. (*To* ADRIENNE) I leave you with your young friend, Ma'amselle.

Bows to VALENTINE, *who courtesies in return.*

DUKE *exits, followed by* O'ROURKE, *who as he goes out turns and blows a kiss to* ADRIENNE, *who returns it. Both girls walking to and fro, arms about each other's waists.*

VALENTINE. Oh! it's so nice to be together again! And now tell me are you entirely recovered?

ADRIENNE. From the delirious fevers I used to have, I think I am.

VALENTINE. And those strange visions that troubled you so much?

ADRIENNE. They disappeared for a time. But lately at night they come again; only last night—

VALENTINE. Were you ill?

ADRIENNE. No. I fell asleep calmly enough. But in the middle of the night I felt my heart beat strangely. I woke. I'm sure I woke. The darkness seemed gradually illumined by a sinister light; and again I saw the same strange, sad face, whose quiet eyes seemed riveted to mine. Again I heard the same voice, laden with the same sorrow,

whisper in my ears the same fatal and solemn words, "*You have destroyed me, my child, but remember that I love and that I forgive you.*"

VALENTINE. (*aside*) Year after year, always the same!

ADRIENNE. Whether I again slept I cannot tell; but I know that when the light of day stole into the room, and I heard the song of the birds outside, I asked myself if indeed I was wholly sane.

VALENTINE. What an idea!

ADRIENNE. (*shaking her head*) I don't know. You know when I was very young how, after a long illness, I entirely lost my memory; and when I recovered I could not recognize my own father nor my mother—only O'Rourke, whose face I at once remembered as that of an old friend. The return of these visions that will not leave me makes me so sad—so sad.

VALENTINE. Have you told your mother?

ADRIENNE. Once I tried. But at my very first sentence she was so agitated, so troubled, so frightened that I determined never to broach the subject to her again. O Valentine! if you were only with me, if you could but remain!

VALENTINE. I will remain

ADRIENNE. But how?

VALENTINE. I'll arrange it with the Chanoinesse. Here she comes for me, accompanied by that young gentleman.

CHANOINESSE. (*entering*, L. 3 E.) Come, Mademoiselle, receive the adieux of M. Raoul. He is going back to the army, satisfied that the wisest thing he can do is to get himself shot. Oh! he has strong reasons.

VALENTINE. What reasons?

CHANOINESSE. He loves a young lady.

ADRIENNE. Ah!

CHANOINESSE. And she does not love him.

ADRIENNE. (*impulsively*) Oh! but she does. (*Catches herself, looks down ashamed.*) Ah!

CHANOINESSE. (*laughing*) Well, Raoul, was I right? It only remains for me to settle the matter.

ADRIENNE. O Madame! Madame!

CHANOINESSE. I understand it, dear. He's so like his father—no one could help loving him.

RAOUL. But, god-mother, the obstacles between us!

CHANOINESSE. (*as* DUKE *and* DUCHESS *enter*) The obstacles? Here they are. I'll make short work of them, my dear. Will your Graces vouchsafe me a hearing and advise on a most important matter?

DUKE—DUCHESS. Certainly. (*They both sit down.*)

RAOUL. (*aside*) I feel like running away!

ADRIENNE. (*aside*) I'd like to run.

VALENTINE. (*to* ADRIENNE) Courage!

CHANOINESSE. Raoul is in love with a young lady of noble family. Raoul has no fortune. I have been through that ordeal myself, and know how trying it is. I loved Raoul's father, a poor cadet. The fortune of our house was settled on its eldest son to preserve its dignity. We loved each other, but they married him to a rich heiress who sought rank, and so, Raoul, I became your god-mother instead of your mother.

RAOUL. (*tenderly*) I love you as much as if you were both the former and the latter.

CHANOINESSE. (*smiling*) I know it; but I would have preferred being the latter. Now my brother is dead, and the fortune reverts to me—two hundred thousand livres income. Take it, my son, for it is yours.

DUKE. Raoul, now so rich, with a noble name, what obstacle can there be to his love? Call in form and ask for the lady's hand.

CHANOINESSE. (*to* DUCHESS) Is that your advice?

DUCHESS. Why, certainly. Go and say, Count or Marquis—

CHANOINESSE. Duke—it's a Duke.

DUKE. (*hesitating*) We—well, Duke and Duchess, I have the honor to ask in marriage for my god-son, Raoul de Langey—

DUCHESS. The hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle—

CHANOINESSE. Adrienne d'Aubeterre.

DUKE. Eh? What?

DUCHESS. Adrienne!

ADRIENNE (*aside to* VALENTINE) O Valentine, I'm sinking!

VALENTINE. You'll float in a minute.

DUKE. So, Raoul de Langey, you love Mlle. Adrienne?

RAOUL. Yes.

DUCHESS. And you, Adrienne?

ADRIENNE. Mamma!

DUCHESS. I'm only sorry you did not give us opportunity to consent before you had enriched your god-son.

CHANOINESSE. Noble words, madame. (*To* DUKE) Did I conduct the campaign well, General?

DUKE. Your victory is your answer. We're beaten (*holding out his hand to* RAOUL) and are delighted to be.

SERGEANT. (*outside*, R. 3 E.) I must see the General.

Enter JOSEPH, SERGEANT. JOSEPH *points out* RAOUL *to* SERGEANT.

DUKE. What's the matter?

SERGEANT. Our men and the galley slaves are lying on the road oppressed with the fearful heat. I came to ask some rest for our soldiers and for—the others.

CHANOINESSE. (*looking out*) Poor fellows! Let them come in under the trees. It's fearful!

DUKE. Give up my park to a lot of galley slaves—

CHANOINESSE. They are men, and they are suffering. Besides, the soldiers are entitled to consideration.

ADRIENNE. Oh! please, father, do let them come in.

DUKE. Well, well! Raoul, give the necessary orders.

Exit, C. L.

CHANOINESSE. (*to* VALENTINE) Here, dear (*gives her purse*) I don't know what's in it, but it annoys me to have it.

VALENTINE. I understand.

ADRIENNE. A purse! Ah! I have also mine.

The convicts file into the park with their guard. Some lie down under the trees, some by the railings, others go to the fountain, a small group stops further down stage on the R. *Soldiers stack arms except two, who mount guard. While this is going on the* DUCHESS *and the* CHANOINESSE *are on the terrace with* RAOUL, *looking at them as they file in.*

VALENTINE. (*to* ADRIENNE) Let's haste to do our charity.

ADRIENNE. Yes, yes. I wish the whole world were as happy as I am to-day.

VALENTINE *goes to group up stage;* ADRIENNE *to group* R.

GALLEY SLAVES. (*all rising*) Me! me! Don't forget me, miss.

SERGEANT. Silence, there!

ADRIENNE *stops before a man who is seated on rock near fountain, and who did not rise, but seemed indifferent to what was passing.*

ADRIENNE. And you, poor man, won't you hold out your hand like the rest?

JOHN. I don't need anything (*raising his head*), thank you, miss.

ADRIENNE. (*stifling a scream*) Ah!

Drops purse.

VALENTINE. Adrienne!

ADRIENNE. (*to* VALENTINE, *designating* JOHN) It's he, Valentine, it's he!

VALENTINE. He!

ADRIENNE. He whose image pursues me so.

CHANOINESSE. What ails Adrienne?

DUCHESS. The sight of these poor men has affected her too much. Come!

She exits with DUCHESS, VALENTINE *leading* ADRIENNE *away.*

ADRIENNE. (*going*) I must—I will see him again.

Exit L. 3 E.

JOHN RENAUD, *seeing* ADRIENNE'S *purse, which she dropped at first shock, picks it up and makes a step to follow.*

JOHN. (*calling*) Lady! young lady!

SERGEANT. Halt! what do you want with that young lady?

JOHN. To give her back her purse. She dropped it.

SERGEANT. (*taking purse*) Full of gold! And you return it? You must be a *converted* thief.

JOHN. (*simply*) I never was a thief.

SERGEANT. What were you, then?

JOHN. A soldier—like you.

SERGEANT. (*going up stage*) A queer convict, that fellow.

RENAUD *sits down in his old place and falls into a reverie. Pause.* ADRIENNE *appears suddenly, followed by* VALENTINE.

VALENTINE. Adrienne—don't, I beg.

ADRIENNE. (*much agitated*) I tell you I cannot help it. An impulse stronger than myself pushes me toward this man. I must see him, hear him, or I'll go mad. (*Makes a few steps toward* JOHN.)

SERGEANT. (*coming down*) Looking for your purse, miss? Here it is. That man found it and gave it to me to return to you.

ADRIENNE. (*agitated*) It is he. It is, it is!

SERGEANT. Do you wish to reward him?

ADRIENNE. (*catching at excuse*) Yes! yes! May I talk to him?

SERGEANT. Oh! yes, miss, as much as you like. He's harmless. (*Goes up stage after ordering convicts up stage.*)

ADRIENNE. (*having by degrees approached* JOHN) Sir—Sir, a while ago you refused to accept the money we offered; will you not now accept something? Do, pray.

JOHN. Of what use is money to me—to buy whiter bread? White or black, the bread that is soaked in tears is always bitter.

ADRIENNE. (*to* VALENTINE) It is the voice—the very voice!

VALENTINE. (*puzzled*) Can it be?

JOHN. (*kindly*) From you, however, I will accept a souvenir.

ADRIENNE. (*joyfully hands him purse*) Ah!

JOHN. Not all that. (*Takes out a louis.*) There. Keep the rest. The money that is given to me brings me no good.

VALENTINE. For what crime were you condemned?

JOHN. (*bitterly*) What's the use of asking me that? (*Pointing to the other convicts.*) Ask those men—they will all tell you I am innocent.

VALENTINE. Indeed!

ADRIENNE. (*with conviction*) If you will yourself say so I'll believe it.

JOHN. (*with energy*) Then I swear to you that I *am* innocent.

ADRIENNE. (*same tone*) And I swear to you that I believe it.

JOHN. Heaven reward you for that word, young lady! (*Touches his forehead and starts to go.*)

ADRIENNE. (*quickly*) One word more. I wanted to know of what crime you were acc—falsely accused.

JOHN. I was falsely accused of the murder of my own wife, the mother of my own child.

VALENTINE. (*shuddering*) Oh! it's horrible!

ADRIENNE. (*drawing closer to* JOHN) But why were you not executed?

JOHN. My sentence was commuted to the galleys for life. And for twelve years, chained to the oar, nailed to a seat, or dragging a chain in the docks of Brest, I have had but one thought, felt but one pang, my child! What has become of her—alone, abandoned—dead from want—what! what? Or does she share with her mother a grave unsprinkled by any human tears?

VALENTINE. But what proofs were there against you?

JOHN. (*to* ADRIENNE) Do you wish to hear the story?

ADRIENNE. (*her eyes fixed on him*) Yes. Tell it to me.

JOHN. I was a soldier. The night before Fontenoy a dying man entrusted me with family papers and valuable jewels. He gave me three hundred louis for myself. Being near my home, I absented myself for three hours and gave

these to my wife, whom I had not seen for two months, for safe-keeping in case I fell in the next day's battle. I returned in time to the camp. The day after the battle I was arrested for the murder of my wife, who must have been assassinated after I left. My daughter, aged only five years, said I was there that night.

VALENTINE. And could nothing justify you?

JOHN. Nothing. The deposit I had made to my wife was gone; and they said that in a jealous rage I had gone there and killed my poor Madeline.

ADRIENNE. (*suddenly*) Madeline! Madeline!

VALENTINE. What's the matter?

ADRIENNE. I don't know, but the name thrilled my heart. (*To* JOHN) Say it—speak it again, will you?

JOHN. I have no reason to shrink from pronouncing the name of my good, dear Madeline.

ADRIENNE. (*suddenly, quickly, and joining her hands like a child praying*) Holy Mary Madeline, my mother's patron saint, pray for her and for— What am I saying? Am I going mad?

VALENTINE. (*frightened*) Adrienne!

JOHN. (*quickly*) Who taught you that prayer?

ADRIENNE. I don't know. But go on—go on.

JOHN. Well, they brought my child, my own child, before the tribunal, and on her testimony they convicted me.

ADRIENNE. (*almost breathless*) And then what did you say to her? When you left her—yes—yes.

JOHN. Wait—wait. Ah! Let my last words remain graven in your memory.

ADRIENNE. (*to herself*) In your memory—yes!

JOHN. "You have killed me, my poor child."

ADRIENNE. (*as before*) Yes, yes! That's it—"You have killed me;" yes.

JOHN. "But I"—

ADRIENNE. (*with positive energy*) "—Love and I forgive you."

JOHN. You have known my child. She alone ever heard those words.

ADRIENNE. (*hesitating*) No—no one else ever told me those words. I remember them; that is all. I remember your voice. I remember your features—now as I remember your last words.

JOHN. (*with force*) You remember! But how? It is impossible!

VALENTINE. Why certainly it is, Adrienne!

ADRIENNE. I don't know "how." I know I have a

father and a mother whom I love, adore. Yet I know I remember you. I know that those heartrending words were spoken to me by you.

JOHN. Spoken by me to *you?*

O'ROURKE *comes, as if looking for* ADRIENNE. JOHN *sees him, recognizes him.*

O'Rourke! 'Tis he—near her! O'Rourke!

O'ROURKE *goes up to* JOHN.

O'ROURKE. John Renaud!

JOHN. (*takes* O'ROURKE *by wrist with left hand, points upward with his right*) Before the God that hears and sees us both, tell me what you did with my child?

O'ROURKE. Your—your child?

JOHN. O'Rourke! Before God!

O'ROURKE. (*looking at* ADRIENNE) I made her the adopted daughter of the Duke and Duchess d'Aubeterre.

JOHN. (*staggering as if about to fall*) My child! (*Weeps*) She—she is my daughter.

ADRIENNE. (*falling on her knees and kissing* JOHN'S *hands, while she cries over them*) Father! My poor, innocent father! And it was I—I who convicted him! (*Cries.*)

JOHN. And it is my daughter—so beautiful—so—(*Opens his arms.*)

ADRIENNE. (*her head on his shoulder*) O father—father! (*Pause.*)

JOHN. (*gently disengages himself*) But I must not hold you to my heart.

ADRIENNE. Why not?

JOHN. It seems a sacrilege to touch you with these convict's clothes—an outrage to purity—to—this shameful chain!

ADRIENNE. It was I put them on you. I riveted those chains—I. And I am not worthy to touch thee. (*Weeps.*)

O'ROURKE. (*looking at her*) Poor child! I had made her so happy.

JOHN. I understand. I should have suffered on to the end, and not have recognized her, but man—man—I—

O'ROURKE. (*pressing his hand*) You couldn't help it. I know—don't I know your heart? It's only naythur! John.

ADRIENNE. Father, there must be some clue to your innocence. If it be but fine as a spider's web, my eyes will see it, my devotion will find it.

VALENTINE. We'll seek it together, sister.

JOHN. (*slowly*) Oh! I've thought and thought, but I can see only the one chance.

VALENTINE. (*eagerly*) What is it?

ADRIENNE. Go on, father.

JOHN. The jewels and papers of the Count de Mornay, which the real assassin must have stolen, were placed in a box of my wife's, in which was the only jewel we had—a necklace, given her on our wedding-day by the then Countess d'Aubeterre. If that necklace could be traced—or if the Count de Mornay had survived—

VALENTINE. Describe the necklace.

JOHN. It was made of emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, and from the clasp there hung a locket, on which were set three diamonds. Through that the real assassin might be traced; or if the Count de Mornay still exists, which I cannot tell, for we are permitted no news, you know—and—(*sighs*)—and it is twelve years ago.

ADRIENNE. If M. de Mornay still exists, we'll find him.

O'ROURKE. As sure as ivir a badger found a rabbit!

Drum-call.

SERGEANT. (*coming in, to convicts*) Come, get up there!

ADRIENNE. Must he go?

O'ROURKE. Yis, darlint; he must obey.

JOHN. (*in a whisper, looking round him*) Farewell, my child, farewell!

ADRIENNE. No, only good-bye for a little while, I hope, *father!*

JOHN. My child!

O'ROURKE. (*shyly*) Keep dark.

JOHN. Yes, yes. None of my shame shall shadow her life—none! I'll be careful—careful. (*As they exit.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

Salon in the Chateau d'Aubeterre, the owner of which is a Duke. Entrances, R., L., *and* C. *At rise of curtain,* VALENTINE *and* ADRIENNE *enter,* R. 2 E., *the former trying to soothe the latter.*

VALENTINE. You must calm yourself, dear.

ADRIENNE. How can I? I who condemned him. He so good, so kind. Did you see how his eyes filled with tears of love when he knew me? I who placed that chain on—on— I—

VALENTINE. If he were here, he would forbid your accusing yourself—

Enter O'ROURKE, R.

O'ROURKE. That's just what he's a-doin' this instant through my lips, acushla.

ADRIENNE. What?

O'ROURKE. I saw him agin foreninst the cheerch. "Hivin is hard on ye, John," says I. "No," says he, "no. By lettin' me see my poor child safe and happy, it has repaid me for the twelve years of man's injustice." It took the thorn out of his heart to see you, avourneen. "Tell her," he said, "tell her not to accuse herself. It's the fault of the law"—and so it is, and I always said, Bad cess to the law! a law that turns a man's own flesh and blood into a witness agin himself. Why, the haythens wouldn't have such a law— The Duchess!

VALENTINE. Your mother!

ADRIENNE. (*aside*) I can no longer call her that.

DUCHESS. (*entering*, L. H.) I was looking for you both. You know to-morrow we expect M. de Choiseuil— But what ails you, Adrienne?

ADRIENNE. Me?

DUCHESS. Yes. You've been crying. What for?

ADRIENNE. What for?

DUCHESS. Come, my daugher, tell me.

ADRIENNE. Yes, yes, I will tell you, Mada—Mother. Will you not leave us together?

DUCHESS. It must be something very serious.

ADRIENNE. Very serious and very sad.

VALENTINE. (*kissing* ADRIENNE) Courage.

Exit, R. 2 E.

O'ROURKE. Rimimber, dear, you're a soldier's daughter, and Sergeant O'Rourke will always be nayre you.

Exeunt O'ROURKE *following* VALENTINE, R. 2 E.

DUCHESS. Come, now we are alone. Sit here by my side, and tell me what ails my child.

ADRIENNE. (*kneeling before the* DUCHESS) By your side!

DUCHESS. Why, child, what are you doing?

ADRIENNE. Yes, yes! let me here recall all your tenderness, all your goodness—your tears when I suffered, your joy when I was joyful. What is a mother that you have not been to me—nurse, protectress, teacher—all!

DUCHESS. (*quickly*) What do you mean?

ADRIENNE. I mean that I know you are not my mother.

DUCHESS. What matters it? When O'Rourke placed you, a weak, puny, dying child in my arms, I accepted you as one sent by Heaven to replace the one it had taken from me. After your long, long illness, when reason returned, was not your first word addressed to me, and was not that word Mamma! Ask your own heart if it loves me any less since the wicked have revealed the fatal truth to you?

ADRIENNE. Oh! no, no!

DUCHESS. Does not my fear to lose you find an echo in your own soul! And if I were to die—

ADRIENNE. I think I should die too.

DUCHESS. You see you are my daughter.

ADRIENNE. (*firmly*) But my father—my true father—he is alive.

DUCHESS. (*rises, much agitated*) Your father!

ADRIENNE. (*still more firmly*) I owe him my whole life. To him I am bound by a solemn duty—

DUCHESS. He is living!

ADRIENNE. That is why—(*corrects herself*)—Madame—

DUCHESS. (*much pained*) *Madame!*

ADRIENNE. Why, I must part from you.

DUCHESS. Part from me? (*Takes her in her arms.*) Never, never!

Enter RAOUL, DUKE, *and* O'ROURKE, R., *followed by two Servants carrying caskets, flowers, and large basket. Servants exit*, R.

ADRIENNE. (*aside*) Raoul! I had forgotten him. Alas!

DUKE. Tears! Hang it! a wedding is not a funeral.

See here! Raoul and I have emptied half the shops in Toulon.

RAOUL. (*approaching* ADRIENNE) I couldn't find anything half beautiful enough for you.

ADRIENNE. Yes. These presents are worthy the daughter of the Duke and Duchess d'Aubeterre; but I cannot accept them. I have not the right.

DUKE. Adrienne!

O'ROURKE. Don't, acushla—don't say that.

ADRIENNE. Raoul, I did not know it; but I am harbored here only from a loving kindness I can never repay. I am not the daughter of—

RAOUL. I knew it.

DUKE. I thought it but right he should know it. And I was certain it would not change his sentiments.

RAOUL. My love!

DUKE. She came to us an orphan. We received and adopted her; and to-day she is, in the eyes of the law and of all, *la demoiselle d'Aubeterre!*

ADRIENNE. She can remain such no longer, for she was not wholly an orphan. My father lives—I have seen him.

DUKE. (*to* O'ROURKE) Did you not, when you brought her here in your arms, say that she was alone in the world, and that no one could ever claim her?

O'ROURKE. (*doggedly*) And no one does claim her.

DUKE. But she says she has met her father.

O'ROURKE. (*still doggedly*) Well, a foiner man or bitter soldier never bent shoe-leather. You know him—John Renaud.

DUKE. John Renaud, the assassin—

DUCHESS. Of Madeline, my poor foster-sister!

ADRIENNE. No, no! My father never did commit that crime.

O'ROURKE. It's the truth she's spakin'. There nivir was any proof agin him—

ADRIENNE. But that of a child whom they forced to testify. That child was I.

DUKE. (*aside*) She that—his child! (*To* O'ROURKE) Explain this.

O'ROURKE. In coorse I will, Duke. After John was sintinced I was sint away on duty. The poor babby was left in the great big coort by herself, because Martha was at the ambulance with little Jimmy, who had a ball in his shoulder.

DUCHESS. Poor child!

O'ROURKE. You may well say that, for she hadn't a soul

in the world she could belong to. Well, next day, in celebration of the great victory, there was high mass and a Tay Day-hum. When all was silent, and his rivirence—glory be to his soul!—had rayched the aylay-vay-shun, a child's cry was hird; and the colleen, no bigger nor that, went toddling up the cintre aisle. Some wanted to stop the craythur, out of rispict for the sarvice, but his rivirence knew the child, and said: "Let her come home. For this is the house of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'" Half the brigade was there, Juke, and—and they—the divils—did what I am doing now. (*Wipes his eyes.*)

DUCHESS. (*folding* ADRIENNE *in her arms*) My poor, poor child!

DUKE. Go on, O'Rourke. You needn't be ashamed of your tears.

O'ROURKE. I'd be ashamed of myself if I was. Next day I got a furlough from your Grace, and I went and took my old comrade's child from the poor man in the sacristy. It was the black fayvor was upon her; but I got her as far as the gate of the park yonder, for I was a-makin' of my way to Toulon, thinking John was there. But I heard he was at Brest. Jist then the Duchess cum out in her carriage, spoke to me, and you know the rist. She took her from me arms to her own. I thought it but fair, shure, that the man who condimned the father should feed the child.

DUKE. But why did you not tell us whose child she was?

O'ROURKE. I didn't want her to be treated as the child of an assassin when I knew her father was an innocent man.

DUKE. How do you know that?

O'ROURKE. Will you tell me wan thing?

DUKE. What?

O'ROURKE. Why did they comm-yute his sintence?

DUKE. Because of his heroic action the day before at Fontenoy.

O'ROURKE. Indayd! And a wise man like you thinks a coward can kill a woman one night and be a hayro on the battle-field nixt morning. I'll believe that when I see paving-stones boiled into maily potatoes.

ADRIENNE. (*who through all this has been eagerly watching* O'ROURKE, *throws herself into his arms*) God bless your honest heart! I've never loved you half as much as I ought.

O'ROURKE. Now, then, cumfirt yourself, acushla, do. There, there.

ADRIENNE. You'll not leave me?

O'ROURKE. I couldn't, darlint. An O'Rourke could nayvir layve a woman in trouble.

RAOUL. Nor will I, Adrienne. The faith I pledged to you I will keep. The word I gave I give again. And be it soon or be it late, till the hour you come and say, "Raoul, here's my hand," I will wait for it, in faith and honor.

O'ROURKE. The rayle gintleman and the thrue man always sphake the same sintiments; it's only the language differs.

ADRIENNE. (*to* RAOUL) I should have been so happy! But Heaven has given me a different task; and I must bid you an eternal farewell.

DUKE. Farewell!

DUCHESS. No; no, no!

RAOUL. Adrienne!

ADRIENNE *turns to go, stops at the baskets, takes out a bouquet, presses it to her lips, weeping. Pause.*

Enter JOSEPH, C. L.

DUKE. What now?

JOSEPH. Will your Grace receive the Count de Mornay?

ADRIENNE. (*vehemently*) The Count de Mornay!

ALL. The Count de Mornay!

DUKE. (*moved*) Are you sure that's the name?

JOSEPH. Yes, your Grace.

ADRIENNE. (*half-crazed*) That's the name; the very name my father mentioned. "He may still live," he said, "and he could justify me." It must be he, Duke.

DUKE. Twelve years ago there remained but two of the family bearing that name. One, an old man in exile; the other, his son, who, it is said, was killed at Fontenoy.

ADRIENNE. Heaven would not let him die. He lives. 'Tis he—'tis he, Duke.

DUKE. (*to* JOSEPH) Tell the gentleman I will see him.

Exit JOSEPH.

ADRIENNE. The Count de Mornay? It is salvation—my father's redemption and my own. Do you hear, Duke? Raoul, do you hear? and you, mother—mother?

Kneels before DUCHESS, *whose hands she covers with passionate kisses.*

DUKE. Calm yourself, Adrienne, calm yourself; and let me interrogate the gentleman.

ADRIENNE. Never fear, sir. I'll not say a word, not one. (*Rising*) I'll wait. I know he will justify my father. I'll wait patiently.

Enter JOSEPH, C. L.

JOSEPH. The Count de Mornay!

Enter LAZARE, C. L.

LAZARE. I trust your Grace will excuse my calling on one with whom I have not yet the honor to be acquainted, when I inform you of the very powerful reasons that make it a duty.

DUKE. (*semi-question*) You are the Count de Mornay?

LAZARE. At your Grace's service.

DUKE. A native of Provence?

LAZARE. And the sole survivor of that unfortunate family whom the rigors of the *Ancien Régime* forced into exile.

ADRIENNE. (*aside to* DUCHESS) 'Tis he! 'tis he!

LAZARE. The reversal of the decree by his Majesty Louis XV brings me here, and will cause me to call again on your Grace in your quality of Governor-General of this province, that I may be reinstated by you into the titles and demesnes of our house.

DUKE. To-morrow we expect the Duke de Choiseuil, his Majesty's Minister, to honor us with a visit on his way to Toulon; and I shall lay your request before him.

LAZARE. I expect no less from your known justice and courtesy; but of matters of business there will be time enough to talk. It is a dearer and more sacred motive that brings me to your Grace's house to-day.

ADRIENNE. (*aside*) Ah!

DUKE. Indeed, sir?

LAZARE. When I quitted France, I left for safety and education my only child, a daughter aged only five years, at the college of Hyères, in charge of the Chanoinesse.

ADRIENNE. (*eagerly*) And her name is Valentine—is it not?

LAZARE. (*looking attentively at* ADRIENNE) Yes; as soon as I landed in France I wrote to have her sent to me, but heard in reply that she and Madame la Chanoinesse were at the Chateau d'Aubeterre. (*Taking* ADRIENNE *by the hand.*) Can it be you?

ADRIENNE. I—I am—

DUKE. (*rising, quickly*) Our adopted daughter.

DUCHESS. (*rising, positively*) My daughter—yes, my daughter.

LAZARE. I beg your pardon— But Valentine—

DUKE. You shall see her in an instant, sir. O'Rourke!

LAZARE *looks at* O'ROURKE; O'ROURKE *looks at him.*

O'ROURKE. Yiss, yer Grace?

DUKE. Request Miss Valentine to please come to me.

O'ROURKE. Yiss, your Grace. (*Aside*) I don't like the look of that fillar's physiognomy.

Exit, R. 2 E.

DUCHESS. (*to* LAZARE) Had you arrived but a couple of hours sooner you would have had an opportunity to thank the good Chanoinesse for her great love to Valentine. She left here but this morning.

ADRIENNE. (*aside*) Valentine's father! and it is in his hands that lies my father's fate—and my own.

Enter O'ROURKE, R. 2 E., *announcing*,

Hayre's the young lady.

Enter VALENTINE, R. 2 E.

VALENTINE. Was it your Grace sent?

DUKE. Yes, my dear; you can now thank Heaven for granting your so frequent prayer.

VALENTINE. (*looking at* LAZARE) But—that prayer to Heaven was that it would lend me my—

DUKE. Your proscribed father. Well, there he is.

VALENTINE. *My* father! I had so long prayed to know him!

LAZARE. Your prayer is granted, and we'll never more be separated.

ADRIENNE. But, Valentine, think, think! If he brings you happiness, what is it he brings to me? Your father is called the Count de Mornay.

VALENTINE. The Count de Mornay!

O'ROURKE. (*slowly*) Yiss, the Count de Mornay!

LAZARE. (*to* ADRIENNE) Certainly; but I am at a loss to divine how that name can have interest for you.

ADRIENNE. Oh! you will know soon, sir.

DUKE. When you left France, twelve years ago, Count, after sending your daughter to the College of Hyères, did you not proceed to Flanders?

LAZARE. Certainly. I sought an exile's refuge through that road, then ravaged by that fearful war.

ADRIENNE. Were you not one night seriously wounded near the high-road?

LAZARE. (*astonished*) Severely wounded! Yes, yes, I certainly was. (*Aside*) What are they after?

ADRIENNE. A soldier, attracted by your groans, came to your rescue.

LAZARE. (*hesitating*) A—a soldier?

ADRIENNE. (*in strong emotion*) Recall the night. You were dying. He came to your aid. You confided to him your name, your gold, jewels, and family papers.

LAZARE. (*aside*) Hm! I see, I see.

ADRIENNE. (*eagerly*) Well, sir, well?

LAZARE. (*slowly, as if to gain time*) I really do not see what interest the adventure can have for his Grace, the Duke, or for a young lady like yourself, who must have been a mere infant at the time. There is no reason now to make any mystery about it.

VALENTINE. Speak, father.

LAZARE. You are right; a soldier did come to my aid, and I confided to him my name, and the residence of my exiled father, to whom he promised to forward the news of my death, for of course I never expected to survive.

ADRIENNE. And you gave to his keeping your jewels and papers?

LAZARE. (*ironically laughing*) Oh! no, no!

ADRIENNE. How, no?

LAZARE. (*quietly*) No. Proscribed by France, the enemy of England, seeking passage through the armies of both in order to reach an exiled father, I should have been a fool to carry on my person jewels or family papers. We had safer means than that. If we had not had, I should not now have my family's title-deeds of all its property, my own passports, my father's, my jewels, *all here*, to establish at once my claims and my identity, as well (*to* VALENTINE) as yours, my child.

ADRIENNE. (*despairingly*) Nevertheless, there is a man who says—who swears—

LAZARE. (*as if astonished*) Says—swears! (*As if suddenly recalling some forgotten fact*) Oh! I understand. Yes, yes. Oh! I heard of that celebrated case of the soldier who assassinated his wife, and was convicted on the testimony of his own child. It reached me even in my exile. Yes, yes, I recollect; he built up some defense in my name. Probably he was the soldier who did succor me, and that

fact suggested to him the defense he offered. But the man was guilty. He doubtless killed his wife.

ADRIENNE. (*who had been listening to him with her whole soul*) He! he! It's all over now!

Falls in a faint; all surround her.

VALENTINE. Adrienne! Adrienne!

O'ROURKE. (*to* LAZARE) And you, sir, have killed his daughter.

LAZARE. His daughter!

CURTAIN

ACT III

Same set as last act. At rise of curtain, LAZARE *is discovered sitting at a table,* L. C., *on which is placed a large strong-box, which is open and full of jewels, laces, etc.*

LAZARE. (*solus*) So I find that child here! She whose infant screams I have since so often seemed to hear, recalling the image of her pale, blood-stained mother. Pshaw! (*Pause.*) By heavens! when she implored me so to clear her father, a vertigo seemed to seize me. I came near betraying myself. (*Rises, walks thoughtfully up and down the room.*) Pshaw! I'm safe; there is no going behind those (*pointing to strong-box*) proofs. For twelve years, in prison or out of prison, rich or poor, hungry or well-fed, I have never lost sight of these proofs. I will now have the reward of my patience and long suffering. There is not a De Mornay left. Nothing risk, nothing win. If I win, I am a Seigneur, bearer of a historic name, and peer of France. I will wait and see this Minister Choiseuil.

Strikes on gong-bell. Enter JULIE, *lady's maid, from* D. R., 2 E.

LAZARE. (L. C.) Has Mlle. Mornay finished her toilette?

JULIE. (R. C.) Yes, sir; she is ready to start whenever you wish.

LAZARE. Tell her I wish to see her.

Exit JULIE, R. 2 E.

She must assist at this reception this evening; for, after all, it is through her mother the greater number of these valuable titles came into the family, and they establish her rights far more than mine.

Enter VALENTINE *at door,* R. 2 E.

VALENTINE. (R. C.) You sent for me, father?

LAZARE. I wished to see you dressed as befits your rank. You look beautiful.

VALENTINE. Father!

LAZARE. But why are you so sad?

VALENTINE. I can't help it, father; my heart bleeds for poor Adrienne.

LAZARE. That girl's name again?

VALENTINE. I saw her lying at my feet so pale, so cold, and you would not let me remain with her, who has been a sister to me so many years.

LAZARE. It is not fitting that my daughter should thus treat as an equal, as a sister, the daughter of—

VALENTINE. (*quickly*) If her father be guilty, which I suppose he must be since you annihilate the only proofs he ever suggested of his innocence; yet Adrienne is so noble, so good. We have loved each other so long! She would like you, too—

LAZARE. (*violently*) Never—never!

VALENTINE. (*astonished*) Father!

LAZARE. My decision on this matter is irrevocable; do you hear?—irrevocable?

VALENTINE. Irrevocable!

LAZARE. Forget that girl, the child of a miserable assassin. Forget her, I say.

Crosses to R.

VALENTINE. (L. C.) But however much an object of horror or reprobation her father may be to others, surely you, at all events, must have some pity for him.

LAZARE. (*nervously*) I? What do you mean?

VALENTINE. Did you not say he succored you when you thought you were dying on the battle-field?

LAZARE. I paid him for that. Did he not say so himself?

VALENTINE. Well, that money, too, never was found, for it was stolen by some miserable assassin, who killed the mother almost before the very eyes of her own child.

LAZARE. (*semi-frantic*) Enough! enough! Stop, I tell you! I bid you stop!

VALENTINE. (*astonished*) Why, father—

LAZARE. Don't talk to me about him any more, nor about that woman, nor her child. Do you hear, eh? Do you hear? Never! never!

Crosses to L. H.

VALENTINE. (R. C.) Calm yourself, father. Of course, I will obey you. But I don't understand—

LAZARE. (*suddenly recovering*) You are right, dear. I ought not to let this matter anger me so. But yesterday we were a proscribed family. To-day, returning to re-establish our claims—I say ours, for they are yours more than mine—we need be careful. We must think only of the name we bear and the duty we owe it.

VALENTINE. You will never need to blush for me, sir.

LAZARE. So be it. (*Seeing* JULIE *enter*) Now complete your toilette, my child. (*Suddenly*) And here (*pointing to box*) you will find some old family laces, some fine jewels, with which your poor mother so loved to deck herself. Take your choice, for they are yours, darling. Make yourself beautiful. (*Starts to exit* C. L., *suddenly turns, stops*) Remember my injunction.

VALENTINE. (*sadly*) Yes, father, yes.

Exit LAZARE, C. L.

VALENTINE. (*seated* R. C., *soliloquy*) It is strange he should not have some pity for the man who saved his life.

JULIE. Well, Ma'amselle? Well, Ma'amselle?

VALENTINE. (*awakening from her reverie*) Oh! it's you, Julie.

JULIE. Shall we go on dressing?

VALENTINE. (*bitterly*) Dressing? I suppose I must. (*Soliloquizing*) Why should he fly into such sudden anger, and seem so violently agitated when I speak of Adrienne, her mother, and John Renaud?

JULIE. (*searching in box*) Won't you choose amid these old Flemish laces? Here is a point d'Alençon would become you to perfection.

VALENTINE. I leave that to you. I'm no judge.

JULIE. Will you wear a bracelet and necklace?

VALENTINE. I suppose so.

JULIE. They are all so beautiful, I don't know which to choose.

VALENTINE. Any of them will do.

JULIE. (*admiringly*) Here is a necklace of pearls and another of amethysts. And here is one made of emeralds, sapphires, and rubies—so beautiful!

VALENTINE. (*starting up quickly*) What's that?

JULIE. They are all so lovely.

VALENTINE. Did you say a necklace of emeralds, sapphires, and—

JULIE. And rubies; yes, Ma'amselle.

VALENTINE. (*to herself*) How foolish! I suppose many necklaces are made alike.

JULIE. The clasp is remarkably rich.

VALENTINE. A clasp of gold—but—no—no locket—no locket, eh?

JULIE. Oh! yes! A beautiful locket, set with—

VALENTINE. (*quickly*) Set with three diamonds.

JULIE. Just so! Ma'amselle has already seen it?

VALENTINE. (*agitated*) Give it to me. That is the one I want. (*Takes collar from* JULIE; *then in broken sentences*) The sapphires—the emeralds—the rubies—the locket! The collar of which John Renaud spoke in every particular. Taken with the other jewels by the assassin of Madeline. Then it was he—my fa— Oh! I must be mad! what am I saying? But why did my father tremble so—seem so agitated—at the reference to the assassination of Madeline?

JULIE. Ah, here comes her Grace.

VALENTINE. The Duchess—ah, it was she gave Madeline the necklace of which Renaud spoke. Through her I will know.

Enter DUCHESS, L. C.

DUCHESS. (*to* JULIE) Leave us, Julie.

Exit JULIE, R. 2 E.

VALENTINE. (*aside*) 'Tis he can fix my fate.

DUCHESS. Why, you are quite agitated! (*Takes her hand.*) You are all in a tremble!

VALENTINE. The various events since yesterday— I feel so—I think my head is affected. Poor Adrienne!

DUCHESS. (*thankfully*) 'Tis for her you tremble?

VALENTINE. Yes—yes.

DUCHESS. She wants to go to her father—poor child! Come to her, Valentine—come.

VALENTINE. (*piteously*) My father has forbidden me. He will not, he says, have his daughter hold any relations with the child of an assassin.

DUCHESS. Poor Adrienne!

VALENTINE. And there is now no doubt of her father's guilt.

DUCHESS. The declaration of your father sweeps away the last hope of his innocence.

VALENTINE. The story he invented for his defense.

DUCHESS. Alas! all a lie.

VALENTINE. The gold, the jewels, the papers confided to him that he was carrying to his wife.

DUCHESS—Lies—lies—all lies!

VALENTINE. And the necklace you gave Madeline, the miserable man did away with to divert suspicion—the collar of topazes and sapphires. I believe—

DUCHESS. No, it was made of sapphires, emeralds, and rubies.

VALENTINE. Oh, yes! So he told Adrienne—it had a medallion.

DUCHESS. A medallion or locket, that opened by pressing the centre diamond, of which there were three. My Christian name was cut on it.

VALENTINE. Your name?

DUCHESS. Yes, "Marguerite."

VALENTINE. (*aside, despairingly*) Is this it?—it burns my very fingers.

DUCHESS. But what ails you? What are you clutching so nervously in your hand?

VALENTINE. One of the jewels they want me to wear at the presentation. I never wore jewels. (*Pointing to casket*) If you would choose for me—

DUCHESS. (*astonished at* VALENTINE'S *manner*) Well, let me see the one you have there.

VALENTINE. (*quickly*) No—no! Not that—I don't like it—I can't—I won't wear it!

DUCHESS. Well, then—(*goes to box*, L. H.)—let us see the others.

VALENTINE. (*aside, moving away from* DUCHESS, *toward* R. H.) The centre diamond. (*Presses on it, holds it by her side away from* DUCHESS, *looks at it.*) Ah! "Marguerite." (*Staggers.*)

DUCHESS. (*turning toward her*) Why, child!—(*runs to her*)—what *is* the matter?

VALENTINE. (*controlling herself.*) Nothing, Madame, nothing.

Turns away a little.

DUCHESS. But that cry?

VALENTINE. A sudden thought of poor Adrienne. And I will have none of those jewels—I will not go to this presentation.

DUCHESS. But it is a matter of very great importance, child—both for your father and yourself. After we have won your cause with M. de Choiseuil, I will obtain your father's consent to your seeing Adrienne.

VALENTINE. Yes—yes—I must see her. It is not she that must be condemned to despair—not she! not she!

DUCHESS. I see you need quiet. There—there! The Duke and I will come for you when the time for presentation arrives. There—there!

Kisses her and exits, L. C.

VALENTINE. (*solus*) Am I in my right mind? On the one hand a man whom everything condemns—even the testimony of his own child! On the other (*with bitterness*)

a man respected, honored, with a noble name, bearing in his hand the titles, the papers of his family (*laying her hand on box on table*, L. H.) and among them this—(*holding up necklace*)—this irrefutable proof that he is the murderer. There can be no doubt of it, this man is the assassin; and this man is—my father! (*Falls into chair*, L. H.)

Enter ADRIENNE, *pale and staggering*, R. D. 2 E.

ADRIENNE. I was forced to come to you, since you could not come to me.

VALENTINE. (*rising, going toward her; stops; aside*, L. C.) And my father assassinated her mother.

ADRIENNE. (R. C.) You see how weak I am; will you not support me? But perhaps you are right, the daughter of an honorable gentleman can no longer be the friend of the daughter of a convict.

VALENTINE. Is that what you believe? So, if you were in my place, and I were the daughter of a convict—

ADRIENNE. (*going to embrace her*) I should love you still. (VALENTINE *shrinks from her.*) I should say to you that you are not responsible for another's crime. That human judgment often errs, and that perhaps your father is innocent; for I tell you that even now, notwithstanding the overwhelming declaration of your father, the Count de Mornay, my heart *still* cries to me that *my* father is innocent.

Crosses R. H., *corner.*

VALENTINE. (C.) And it tells you the truth! Your father is innocent!

ADRIENNE. (*rushing up to her*) Heaven bless you for that!

VALENTINE. (*tearing away from her*) Don't touch me.

ADRIENNE. What, again?

VALENTINE. No, no; 'tis not that. If your father were here, I should fall at his feet, as I do at yours. (*Kneeling to her*, L. C.) I would tell him his innocence would be made to appear—that he would be restored to his daughter.

ADRIENNE. His daughter, who convicted him.

Falling into chair, R. C.

VALENTINE. (*rising*) You were but an infant. Tell me, if the terrible accusation brought against John Renaud twelve years ago had been brought later—if in full possession of your reason you had believed him guilty—would you have *then* denounced him?

ADRIENNE. I?

VALENTINE. Would you have denounced him?

ADRIENNE. Never—never! (*Rises.*)

VALENTINE. Not if you were satisfied of his guilt?

ADRIENNE. The child has no right to kill the father. The shame might kill me; but denounce my father—never!

VALENTINE. (*clasping her hands over her brow; going up stage, then suddenly turning, and coming down* C. *to* ADRIENNE) If another man had been condemned in his place—an innocent man, and like your father was dragging a convict's chain, bearing the opprobrium of the galleys for a crime your own father had committed—what would you do? What? What?

ADRIENNE. I can't reason that way. I don't know; I don't know.

VALENTINE. (*solemnly*) Heaven would inspire you—(*aside*) as it will me.

ADRIENNE. But why do you ask me such questions?

Enter LAZARE, C., *down* L. H.

LAZARE. What! together!

VALENTINE. (*aside*) He! (*Aloud*) Do not be astonished to find Adrienne with me. Her presence can in no wise taint the nobility (*bitterly*) of our name.

LAZARE. (*coldly*) Indeed!

VALENTINE. She and I are now equally convinced of her father's innocence.

LAZARE. (*coldly*) The time of presentation is at hand. I came to see if you were ready.

ADRIENNE. Forgive me, Valentine, if I caused you to disobey your father.

She starts to go toward R., *turns and bows.* LAZARE *remains impassive.*

VALENTINE. Father, Mlle. Renaud salutes you.

LAZARE *slowly raises his hat,* VALENTINE *looking him in the eyes;* ADRIENNE *stops at door.*

ADRIENNE. (*to* VALENTINE) I prefer you should remain; Julie will assist me.

Music. Exit, R. 2 E.

LAZARE. I requested you to have no intercourse with that young girl.

VALENTINE. You did not understand what I said.

LAZARE. Regarding Renaud's innocence? What proof of it has his daughter now brought you?

VALENTINE. She? none.

LAZARE. (*ironically*) The renewed conviction comes from Heaven.

VALENTINE. (*firmly*) From Heaven.

LAZARE. A truce with all this childishness! Are you ready to attend the presentation?

VALENTINE. I shall not attend it.

LAZARE. What?

VALENTINE. No!

LAZARE. (*sternly*) I say you *shall* go. I'm your father.

VALENTINE. Because of that I humbly request of you to give up your claims here.

LAZARE. Give up—my claims?

VALENTINE. And quit France at once.

LAZARE. Quit France—surrender my claims to our inheritance? But why—why?

VALENTINE. Because none of these things are yours.

LAZARE. (*in rising anger*) Not mine?

VALENTINE. (R. H.) None of them. These jewels—they burn my eyes. This necklace seems to burn into my very bosom. (*Holds it under his eyes.*) This one.

LAZARE. (L. H.) Why, it is the very necklace your mother wore on our wedding-day.

VALENTINE. Enough, enough! We must leave here, I repeat; go far, far away from France—and then clear the innocent, now unjustly suffering.

LAZARE. What, do you mean to—accuse—to—me—your father?

VALENTINE. My heart revolts at it, but my conscience commands it. We must leave France.

LAZARE. Never. (*Crosses* to R.)

VALENTINE. I will follow you in your exile—be your companion—your servant, if need be. When out of personal danger, you will make known the truth; safe from the justice of men, we will together endeavor to woo the mercy of Heaven.

LAZARE. You must fancy you have some convincing proof.

VALENTINE. I have.

LAZARE. Silly child! What is this proof? Let me have that pretended proof.

VALENTINE. I will not.

LAZARE. I must have it.

VALENTINE. To destroy it—never!

LAZARE. (*threatening her*) I'll make you—do you hear me? Give it or—

VALENTINE. Or you'll murder me, as you did Madeline. Do it, for I shall not obey you

LAZARE. (*catching her arm*) We'll see.

VALENTINE. (*screams*) Ah!

LAZARE *pushes her violently off.* C. D. *opens.* *Enter* DUKE *and* DUCHESS; *both halt at door astonished.*

DUKE. We came to announce to you the arrival of the Duke de Choiseuil.

LAZARE. You find me, sir, in a state of extreme agitation. I do not know if I really can—

DUCHESS. (*seeing* VALENTINE) Good Heavens! my child! Valentine! What is the matter? Speak—tell me!

VALENTINE. (*breathless*) Would you have me speak? Would you have me tell?

DUKE. Go on.

LAZARE. Go on—*my child*—speak!

VALENTINE. Well, then—(LAZARE *flinches.*) (*Aside*) *She* said, "I might have died, but I would not denounce my father."

DUKE. (*energetically*) Count, what ails your daughter?

LAZARE. The excessive emotions evoked by the events of the last forty-eight hours have resulted in an attack of delirium; for the last five minutes my daughter has been mad!

Quick curtain.

DUKE.
DUCHESS.
VALENTINE. (*falling on chair*) } Mad!

CURTAIN

ACT IV

A salon in the Hôtel d'Aubeterre. Doors, C. *and* R. 3 E. *Large window,* L. 3 E. *Fireplace,* R. 2 E.

At the rise of the curtain, the DUCHESS, *the* CHANOINESSE, *and* O'ROURKE *are discovered. The Ladies are seated,* C., *while* O'ROURKE *is looking out of the door,* R. 3 E.

CHANOINESSE. Well?

O'ROURKE. She's a slaypin' like a woodguest in her nest when her eggs are stolin. She's a-talkin' in her slayp. She kayps on mutterin', "Yis, yis, father, I'm a comin', I'm a comin'."

DUCHESS. She thinks of nothing but her father. The doctor thought it doubtful, last night, that she should survive the crisis.

CHANOINESSE. Why, when I left her she seemed so strong and looked so beautiful.

DUCHESS. (*sighing*) 'Tis since you left us that misery came, for I have still more to tell you.

CHANOINESSE. More?

DUCHESS. In despair at the suffering of her friend, from whose side her father's inflexible will is determined to keep her, Valentine was, as the Count de Mornay says, attacked with delirium—madness.

CHANOINESSE. Valentine mad! She, so clear of mind, so robust of reason! I may say—I—I (*In reverie.*)

O'ROURKE. If I might suggest an owld soger's opinion on the subject—

DUCHESS. Go on, O'Rourke.

O'ROURKE. Well, your Grace, I think the Count was in a moighty hayt of a hurry to declare the young lady out of her moind.

DUCHESS. (*reprovingly*) O'Rourke.

CHANOINESSE. Let him talk. Why do you think so, O Rourke?

O'ROURKE. She was all right enough a few minutes afore she had a confabulayshun with himself, and if Miss Valentine is out of her moind, it was that confabulayshun did it. And I shouldn't wondher if it was about poor Miss Aydrian.

Enter DUKE, C.

CHANOINESSE. Shrewdly suspected, my man. There is a very strong— I will see Valentine.

DUKE. (*entering*, C.) You will have to be pretty quick about it then, for her father is going to take her away to Versailles, as he has important business there.

CHANOINESSE. The Count de Mornay must be ignorant of my presence here. He knows the years of care and tenderness I have lavished on his daughter, and he cannot fail to see me before he goes. I may then change his resolution.

ADRIENNE. (*in room*) Father! father!

DUCHESS. Hush!

O'ROURKE. (*going to door*, R. 3 E.) Shure she's just waykin' from a dhraym.

CHANOINESSE *and* DUCHESS *rise and step toward the door*, R. ADRIENNE *appears at door.*

ADRIENNE. Oh! it *is* you, Madame!

CHANOINESSE. Yes, dear; I heard you were suffering (*stretches out her arms*), and here I am.

ADRIENNE. You so noble, so respected, you hold out your arms to me! You don't know, then, that I am the daughter of a—

CHANOINESSE. (*interrupting her*) I know you to be the daughter whose heart and mind I helped a good mother (*pointing to* DUCHESS) to form; that alternately for ten years we have been your mother; that of all my family of fifty, you are my best beloved.

Opens her arms again. ADRIENNE *throws herself into them.*

ADRIENNE. You are all so good, so good—oh! it breaks my heart to leave you!

DUCHESS. But that you shall never do.

ADRIENNE. And he? Must he be left?

DUKE. I think—I know I can obtain his pardon from the crown.

CHANOINESSE. And in some quiet, distant place he can spend the remainder of his days in calm enjoyment of—

ADRIENNE. This would be mercy to the guilty; but my father is not guilty—my father is innocent.

DUCHESS. (*despairingly*) Adrienne!

ADRIENNE. And after you had obtained his pardon he would be alone in the world; I should never see him more —as I am unable now to drag myself to his feet.

DUKE. Nay, nay, Adrienne, you are wrong; you will see him soon.

ADRIENNE. Soon to see him? Where? When? How can I—

DUKE. You so cried and called for him during your fever that I resolved to send for him. I sent the order by O'Rourke.

ADRIENNE. (*to* O'ROURKE) Then you saw him—heard him—spoke to him?

O'ROURKE. The divil an eye would they let me clap on him. The surly kaper said he was bound to obey his Grace's orders, but not mine, and wid that the dirty spalpeen left me on the wrong side of the dour.

ADRIENNE. (*turns to* CHANOINESSE) If I can only see him once more, talk to him myself—

DUKE. (*aside to* O'ROURKE) Go, and watch his coming.

O'ROURKE. And delighted I am to do that same.

As he says this O'ROURKE *goes up stage and meets* RAOUL, *who is coming down stage.*

RAOUL. (*stopping* O'ROURKE) Well, well?

O'ROURKE. Ah, sir, but the poor child is as wayk as ivir.

RAOUL *comes down stage*, C., O'ROURKE *exits*, C.

CHANOINESSE. (*seeing* RAOUL) I was astonished at not finding you here.

RAOUL. Duty called me away. Now I am free, and return to you and Adrienne—and this time forever.

ADRIENNE. I understand you, Raoul, but cannot accept the sacrifice. My shame shall never stain your noble name—blight your glorious future.

RAOUL. Listen, Adrienne—listen, all, for I wish to be heard by all. With you, Adrienne, are all my hopes, all my joy. Without you, fortune, title, glory have for me no value. You say that between these and you there is an obstacle the world cannot overlook. Be it so. I will thus sweep away the difficulty. (*To* CHANOINESSE) Madame, take back the fortune you gave me to gild a noble name; and (*to* DUKE) you, your Grace, take the sword that I cannot wear nor use till the task I have set myself is accomplished. Your burden, Adrienne, is too heavy for you to bear alone—hereafter we'll share it.

ADRIENNE. Raoul!

RAOUL. You believe in your father's innocence. So do I. Give *me* your hand; hold up your head; call back your courage—for together we'll yet make that innocence manifest to the world.

CHANOINESSE. (*proudly delighted*) I loved his father.

O'ROURKE. (*much moved*) Be jabbers, I knowed it! It's the thrue man what makes the thrue gintleman.

ADRIENNE. (*raising herself up*) You give me new life, but have I the right to accept such devotion—has he the right to offer it?

CHANOINESSE. I do not know whether he has or not—(*Takes his hand*)—I don't know whether he has or not, but if he had acted otherwise I should have doubted his paternity.

RAOUL. And now?

CHANOINESSE. Give me your arm and escort me to the Count de Mornay. It is now my time to act.

DUKE. The Count has just gone out.

CHANOINESSE. So much the better; 'twill give me time to prepare my batteries. Adrienne, courage! and depend upon me.

Exits on RAOUL'S *arm*, R. 3 E.

ADRIENNE. Courage—courage! Yes, *now* I will have courage.

O'ROURKE. (*aside to* DUKE) John is beyant.

DUKE. Let him come here. (O'ROURKE *goes up stage, makes sign off* C.) Adrienne, you wished to see your father. (RENAUD *appears, a Keeper on each side of him.*) There he is.

ADRIENNE. (*trembling*) He! he!

DUKE *makes a sign, the Keepers fall back;* RENAUD *comes forward.*

JOHN. Adrienne, my child! (*She jumps into his arms.*)

ADRIENNE. Father!

DUCHESS. (*in aside to* JOHN) Take care. She must not be over-excited.

JOHN. Yes, ma'am, yes! I'll comfort her. Don't cry, Adrienne, don't cry! I have forgotten all my past sufferings, dear, in seeing you here so happy; now I know you are so well loved and cared for, my mind is easy. Half the load is off my heart when I know you are happy.

ADRIENNE. How can I be happy when I know myself to be the cause of all your suffering?

JOHN. No, not you, not you. (*To* DUCHESS) You will not abandon her, Madame, will you? I know that when you adopted her you did not know she was the daughter of a convict.

ADRIENNE. Father!

JOHN. (*energetically*) Yes, a convict, a convict! But if I could lay my heart bare before you, Madame—if you could see it, know it—you would not blush to keep my child;

for—in the face of Heaven I say it—she is the daughter of a martyr.

DUCHESS. Be you innocent or guilty, she will remain with me—my daughter.

ADRIENNE. No—no!

JOHN. Hush, darling, hush! I thank your Grace, and freely give you my child. But as you say innocent or guilty, the doubt is there to shadow her life. For twelve years have I wept, prayed, despaired; and never, never as now when I see her there with this blight upon her—never as now have I felt my heart so swell with the spirit of revolt—never have I so felt the need of crying out to heaven and earth: I am not an assassin—I am innocent.

DUKE. (*reprovingly*) John Renaud!

JOHN. 'Twas you condemned me, yet you knew I was an honest man, a good soldier—you knew my wife was a true, chaste, honest woman—

DUKE. Yes. But the testimony of your child?

JOHN. (*to* ADRIENNE) You see—you see I was brave and loyal, your mother chaste and virtuous, and there binding us together were you, an angel fresh from heaven. Now why—why should I kill your mother? Is it likely—

ADRIENNE. Why, father, I never doubted your innocence. My heart declared it the day you stated it.

DUKE. John, listen to me a moment. It was not merely to see your daughter pleased I sent for you. I also wanted to ask you a very serious question.

JOHN. What question, Col—General?

DUKE. During your trial, you kept repeating that if a certain man had not been killed he could have made your innocence apparent. (*Looking* JOHN *in the face*) What would you now say, if I told you that the Count de Mornay is still alive?

JOHN. (*beside himself*) He is alive—alive! (*Stops.*) You are not saying this merely to try me? He is alive?

DUCHESS. We all know and have seen him here.

JOHN. (*wild with joy*) Here—here! He is here! (*Covering* ADRIENNE *with kisses*) We're saved! saved! saved!

O'ROURKE. (*to* DUKE) D'ye hear that, your Grace? Is that the cry of a guilty man?

DUKE. Request the Count de Mornay to please step here.

O'ROURKE. There's no nayd of me goin', for I saw the carriage return, and here he comes himself to bid you farewell.

ADRIENNE. (*aside*) Alas, my poor father!

JOHN. Oh! why was I not told before of this happiness?

DUKE. Wait; you shall see and hear. Stand aside awhile.

JOHN. But, your Grace—

DUKE. Wait a little—wait there. (*Pointing to window*, L. 3 E.

O'ROURKE. (*announcing*) The Count de Mornay.

LAZARE. (*coming forward*) I did not wish to leave your Grace without expressing my thanks for the tenderness lavished on my daughter, and the hospitality extended to us both.

DUKE. Before you leave us, Count, I would like to summon before you a man—a very miserable man—of whom you have already heard here.

LAZARE. What for?

DUKE. John Renaud!

LAZARE *taken aback, starts.*

ROURKE. (*watching him*) Begorra, he shivered like a lamper-ayl from head to tail!

LAZARE. (*cool as a cucumber*) John Renaud— Ah, I see —I recollect the name—and that dress tells the story. This is the soldier condemned for murder.

JOHN. Unjustly condemned, Count; and one word from your mouth will prove that and restore me to life, to liberty and honor.

LAZARE. (*coldly, haughtily*) A word from me? How, pray?

JOHN. By recalling the past and stating it truly.

LAZARE. What past? Oh! I see! that adventure of which Mlle. Adrienne—

ADRIENNE. His daughter, sir.

LAZARE. (*bowing a little*)—His daughter spoke.

JOHN. The adventure of two men the night before Fontenoy—one was wounded; the other, a soldier, came to his relief, and received a trust. The soldier was myself, the wounded man was—(*looks, hesitates;* LAZARE *never flinches an instant*)—the wounded man was—his face was covered with blood, the darkness was gathering; I should not be able to recognize him, but he was the Count de Mornay.

LAZARE. (*coldly*) I am the Count de Mornay. What you have stated thus far is perfectly true.

JOHN. (*with joy*) Do you hear—eh? Do you hear? Well, you confided to me your jewels, your papers, your—

LAZARE. Better stop there, my man.

JOHN. How?

LAZARE. You are now about to commence the story of that poor murdered woman—

JOHN. Yes—of my wife.

LAZARE. I know that my name was called up by the defense.

JOHN. By me, Count, by me, whom the disappearance of your jewels, gold, and papers would have—

LAZARE. (*with emphasis*) My jewels, my papers, never did disappear—they are even now here in my possession.

JOHN. (*overwhelmed*) Here, in your hands?

LAZARE. Certainly, all of them—all.

JOHN. (*breathless*) Then the man who stole them restored them to your family.

LAZARE. Never.

JOHN. (*with conviction*). Then he restored them to you.

LAZARE. (*violently*). No, I tell you, never.

JOHN. (*energetically*) Then I tell you that if you have them, and no one ever restored them to you, you—(*rising higher and higher*)—*you* tore them from the hands of my dying wife!

LAZARE. How, wretch?

DUKE. John, be still!

JOHN. How can I be still? Can you not understand—do you not see—that there, right before me, stands the man that murdered my wife—my Madeline. He who is killing my child here—he who for twelve years has inflicted on me the tortures of the damned! How can I be still? Look, look! this shameful uniform, 'tis he should wear it; this chain, 'tis he should drag it! I know—I know he's put me out of the pale of the law. But if I can't have law let me have justice; if not justice, then let me have revenge!

DUKE *and* O'ROURKE *hold* JOHN *back.*

ADRIENNE. Father!

DUKE. What clue—what proof can he offer?

Enter VALENTINE, CHANOINESSE, *and* RAOUL.

ADRIENNE. I see—I see 'tis all over!

VALENTINE. Not yet.

LAZARE. (*angrily to* VALENTINE) What do you want? what brings you here?

VALENTINE. I come to ask you to quit France, as I asked you before.

LAZARE. Silence! I forbid you to speak. I command you to follow me—on the instant!

Goes to seize her by the wrist. CHANOINESSE *steps in between them.*

CHANOINESSE. (*with quiet dignity*) By what right do you command this child? and by what right do you, in my presence, dare to speak to her in such a tone?

LAZARE. I am her father, the Count de Mornay.

CHANOINESSE. The Count de Mornay! Look me in the face. Do you know me—did you ever meet me before?

LAZARE. Never, that I can remember.

CHANOINESSE. (*ironically*) Do you remember to what college the girlhood of your child was confided?

LAZARE. The College of Hyères, certainly—

CHANOINESSE. She was *sent* there by you?

LAZARE. The day I left France.

CHANOINESSE. And the man who delivered her to the directress was—a servant?

LAZARE. A devoted servant of the family.

CHANOINESSE. Can you repeat what that man said when he separated from your daughter.

LAZARE. (*insolently*) Pshaw! How should I?

CHANOINESSE. (*quietly*) I can. "It is perhaps forever," he said, "that I am forced to leave you, poor child, and with you remains half of my life—half of my heart." His eyes overflowed with tears. The directress, astonished at his emotion, was about to speak, when he said to her: "I can trust you, lady. I am the Count de Mornay—a proscribed, flying man—into your hands I confide my daughter; and Heaven deal with you as you deal with my child."

ALL. *His* child?

CHANOINESSE. Yes, it was I who received Valentine de Mornay from the hands of her real father.

LAZARE. (*frightened*) You?

CHANOINESSE. And I tell you you are an impostor, sir, and have stated what is false.

JOHN. (*quickly*) Ah, at last.

LAZARE. (*menacingly*) Madame.

CHANOINESSE. (*quietly*) You have just stated what I know to be false—your are not her father.

JOHN. (*with force*) And I tell you you are not the Count de Mornay.

O'ROURKE. Cornered! I'll be ready for him on the shpring.

Exit O'ROURKE, C. D.

LAZARE. But I hold in my hands all the possible attesta-

tions of my identity. Who can furnish proof to the contrary?

VALENTINE. You can. You brought the proof with you.

JOHN. What?

LAZARE. I?

VALENTINE. (*producing necklace*) You brought the proof here—this necklace, which you stole from the bleeding corpse of Madeline.

JOHN. (*looking at necklace*) I know it! I know it! (*Hands it to* DUCHESS) See, see, Madame! Look, your Grace, in the medallion—your name!

DUCHESS. True.

JOHN. And see, Duke, here the arms of the house d'Aubeterre.

Re-enter O'ROURKE, C. D.

DUKE. It is true.

JOHN. As true as that there stands the assassin of Madeline.

DUKE. Raoul, arrest that man!

LAZARE. (*aside*) I'm lost! There is nothing left for me but a dash.

Rushes up to C. D. *dashes them open, and finds a file of soldiers across door.*

O'ROURKE. Yes, my lord Count, your escort is ready.

DUKE. (*to* JOHN) John Renaud, I beg your hand in token of forgiveness for our general error.

JOHN. Ah! General, I have now the right to embrace my daughter, and the sufferings of the past are forgotten!

CURTAIN

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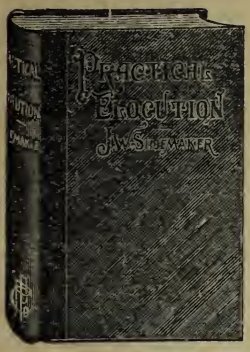

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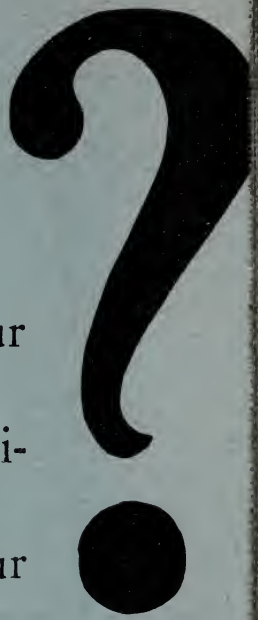

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